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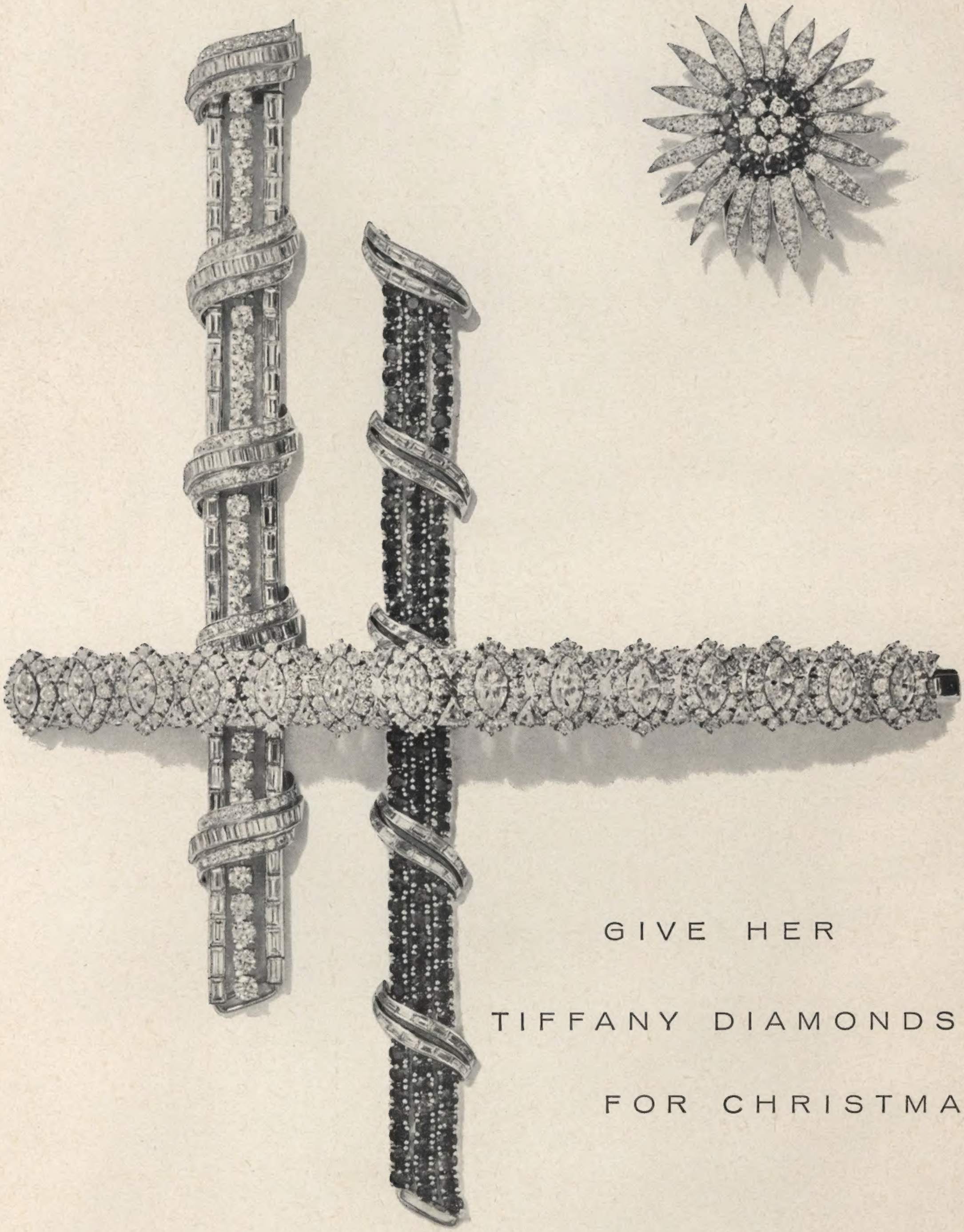
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VOGUE

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

There are three Vogues: American, French, British

I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH Publisher

DECEMBER 1958



WILLIAM BELL

COVER

Lead-off surprise: the toe-length sweater, news for this season's at-home entertaining. Here, it's bright pink mohair knitted with orange-red Lurex threads, and string-belted around the waist.
Dazzle to add: lively jewels, wonderful shoes—these, scarlet satin.
Dress by Goldworm, about $55 at Peck & Peck; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.
Shoes by Perugia, for I. Miller.
More pink with shimmer:
Rose Lustre lipstick by Frances Denney.

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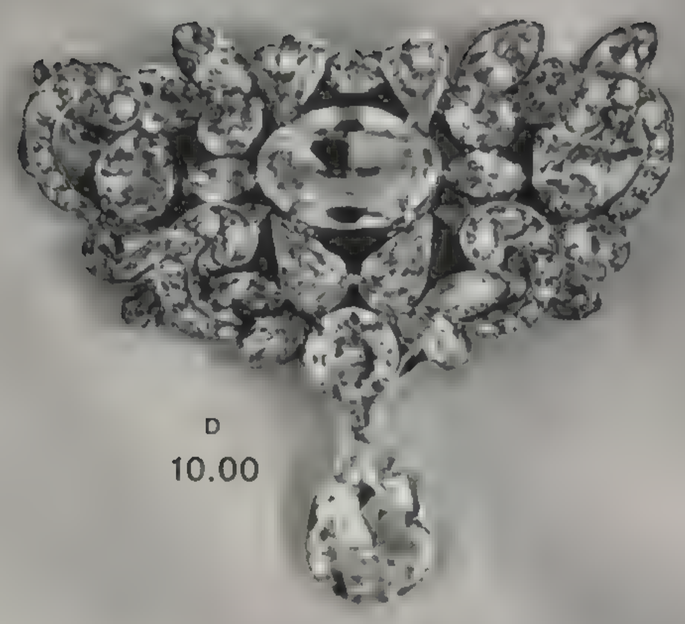
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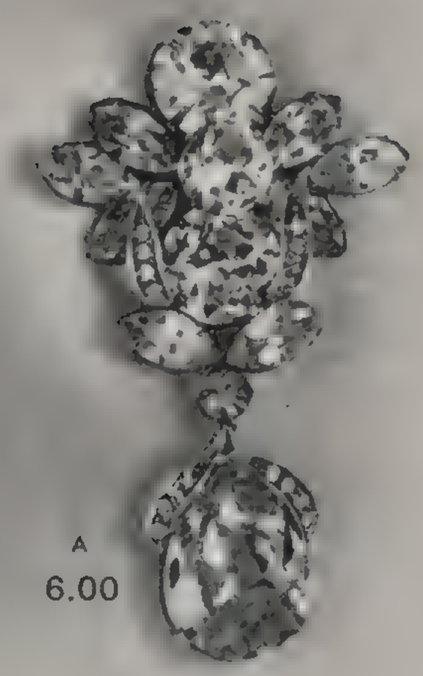
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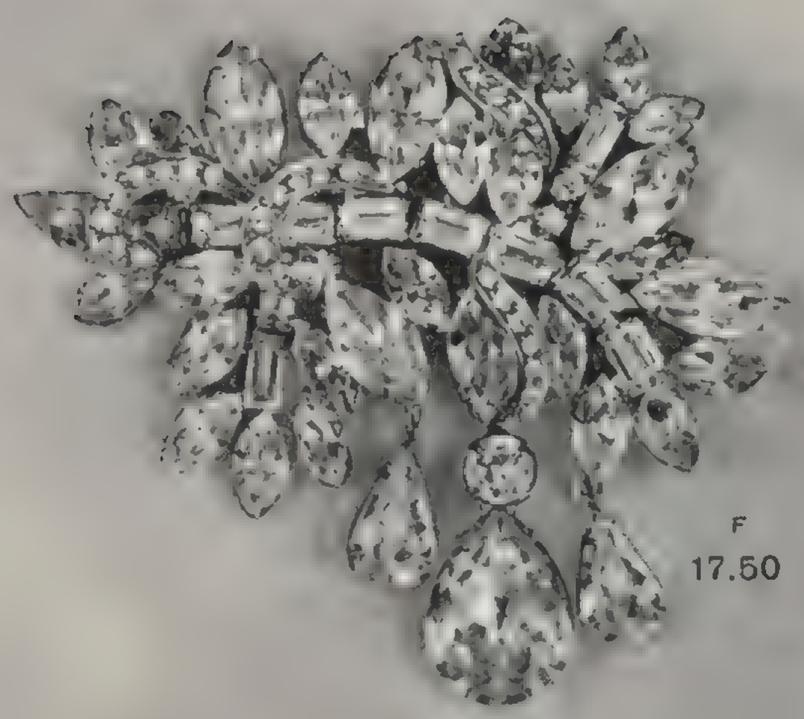
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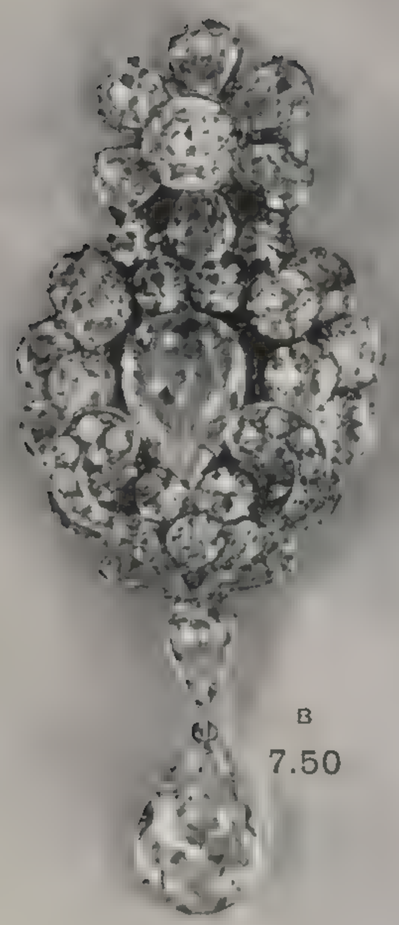
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Recipe, recipe, who has a recipe?

BY GRACE HEGGER LEWIS

Everyone has.

Scissors in hand, we clip from newspapers and magazines; we buy cookbooks by the thousands; we interview authors, musicians, chefs, visiting firemen, and the stars and starlets of stage and screen, for their favourite dishes; and we ask the captain of the "Mayflower II" how the cook flavoured the Pilgrim rations of salt beef and black rum punch.

But who tries out these recipes? Few, to judge by the spiritless food which is being offered in many American houses, even at dinner parties. There are the usual canapés; the beautifully set table lurking in one corner of the living room upon which soup is rarely seen (soup is for snack lunches); where the fish course is a lobster Newburg and not a noble whole salmon or haddock, baked and stuffed; where rock guinea hen is served for prestige but not for tenderness, or the prime roast of beef is tender but not with the red juice springing to the cut of a sharp knife. For the final course one can rely on the excellent purveyors of ice creams and cakes. Or there is the turkey-ham-table-ette buffet.

The recipes turn yellow, and one morning they are all thrown out. Nevertheless most women still desire to cook better, to serve something different, and hence the increase in cooking schools. After a few expensive lessons, usually given in groups, the young wife feels she has become a *cordon bleu*. But she hasn't, because she has no basic knowledge of good food, of how it should and should *not* taste, and no loving patience.

When I was a little girl in New York, every Saturday morning I watched and even participated in Anna's cooking, Anna who said "boughten" bread should never come into *our* house and who sniffed when I suggested that we might buy from the caterer, at a dollar a pound, a new salad called "Waldorf."

On Fridays, Father would call for me at noon at the Sacred Heart Convent to take me to lunch. Said he: "Most women know nothing about food and wines. You shall, my dear." On that day I always wore my best coat and hat and patent-leather button boots, and we went to the Café Louis Martin which then stood on the old Delmonico site at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street. If it was fair, we sat on the terrace and drank a Dubonnet to start. Then I, in knee-length frock and golden curls, my feet not touching the floor, was handed the menu and told to order our lunch in French of the headwaiter.

This is the kind of background which makes for happy memories, educated taste buds, and an insatiable curiosity about food. But right now I am making no plea for the revival of the coal stove and the eight-course meal. I am grousing about the disappearance of pride in cooking and of pleasure in eating.

Recently, however, I have noticed in the magazine sketches of dream houses a tendency to return to the dining room, instead of requiring the family to sit on stools, munching at a counter which faces a wall. Country antique dealers say that the dining table is coming back; and between meals the dining room becomes a retreat for either young or old from each other.

As a summer resident of a New England town, I listen daily to a woman's voice on the radio, and a very persuasive voice she has, informing of her sponsors' latest products and of the goings-on around town. Occasionally, she offers a recipe, and it is then she gets her biggest mail. When she announces a church supper, there is a long line waiting for the door to open. The food, however, is not what it was.

The church supper used to be a social event with members of the congregation competing for the honour, often for a prize, for the best chicken pie or devil's food cake. Now the supper committee has increasing difficulty in getting home-cooked food. "Here's my dollar instead," or the ladies transfer the canned baked beans into the old-fashioned bean pot, buy a ham pre-cooked and serve it cold with scoops of watery mashed potatoes and the everlasting coleslaw.

Oh yes, there's the casserole, but too often the contents are a mystery, the latest of which is called "chow mein." Only the rolls and pies, the fish, lobster, and clam chowders, still have a home-made flavour. What has become of the strawberry lawn festival?

The disappointed ones at these suppers are the summer visitors who hope to get the food that mother might have made: the scalloped oysters, the chicken fricassee with dumplings and mashed potatoes whipped light and yellow with butter and rich milk, the pickles and jellies, the Brunswick stew and other regional dishes.

One element in the change is the change in taste. For instance, the women of a New York church guild tried to interest the young people in the church by a supper of home-cooked chicken with heavy cream and fresh mushrooms accompanied by fresh peas and pretty, twisted rolls. The boys and girls, bored, poked the good food around on their plates, ate the cakes and ice cream, called for cokes, and went home early. What they wanted were wienies, hamburgers, and bakery buns—and that's what they'll get at the next junior meeting, said one of the members of the Ladies' Guild. Other New Yorkers have been invited to eat Sunday brunch at one of the smarter hotels at which Italian truffles, specially flown from Turin, are used to season patties, and the result is called truffleburgers.

But to return to recipe-collecting. The herbs and spices have taken the kitchen by storm—often you can't taste the beef for the barbecue. Catsup and chili sauce and green peppers are used with too lavish a hand in the name of Spain, Louisiana, and Mexico, and "au grotten" changes anything creamed into a gala occasion.

In town and out, I have a row of cookbooks on the kitchen shelf. I like best the kind where the place of eating is as important as the eating itself—those

(Continued on page 63)



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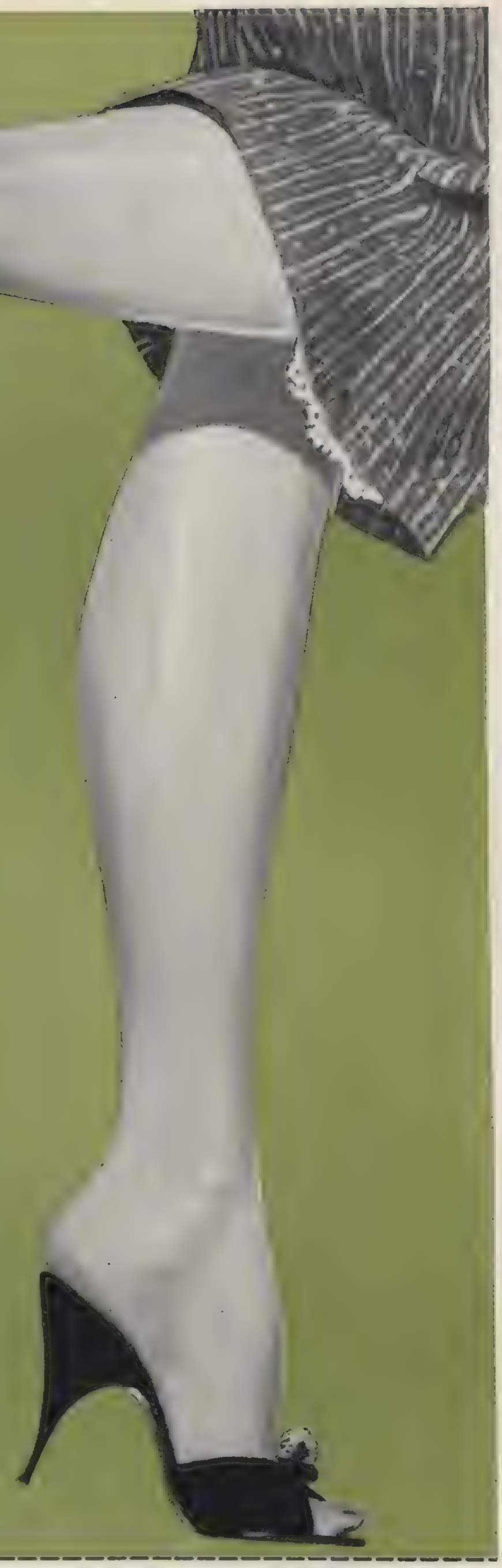
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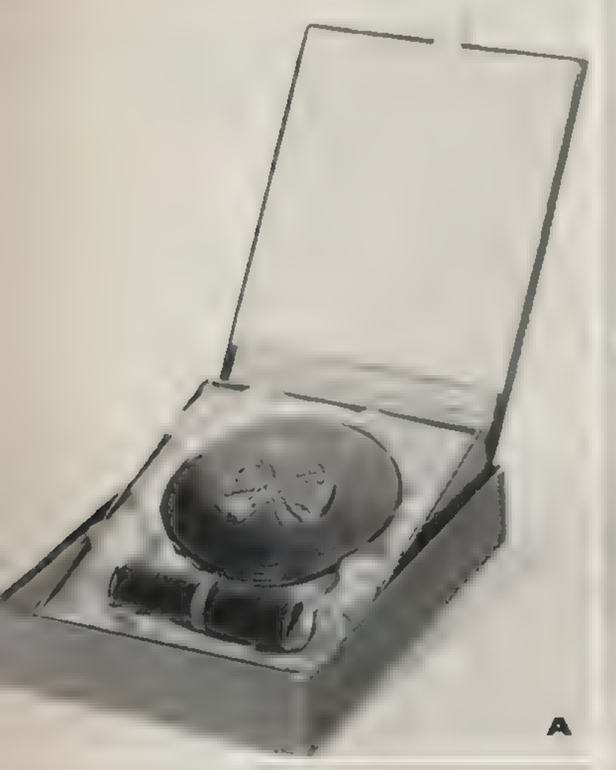
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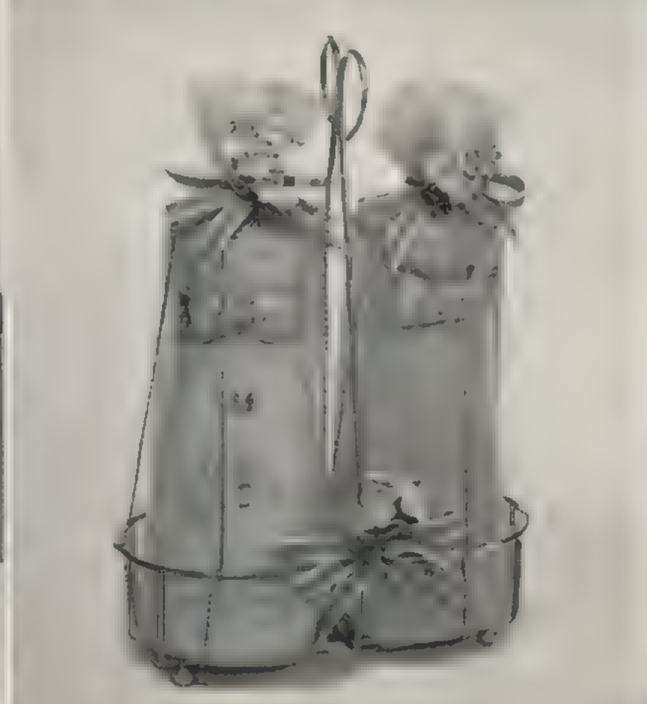
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A



B



C



D



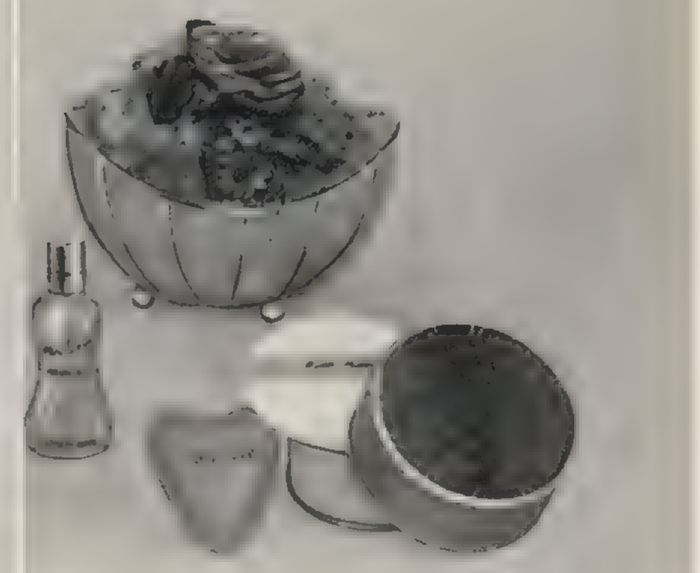
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F



G



H



I



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K



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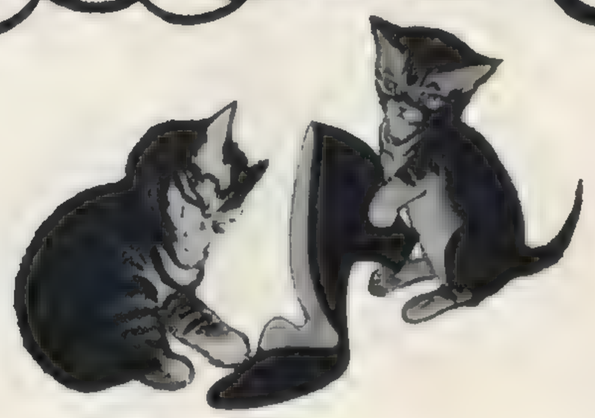
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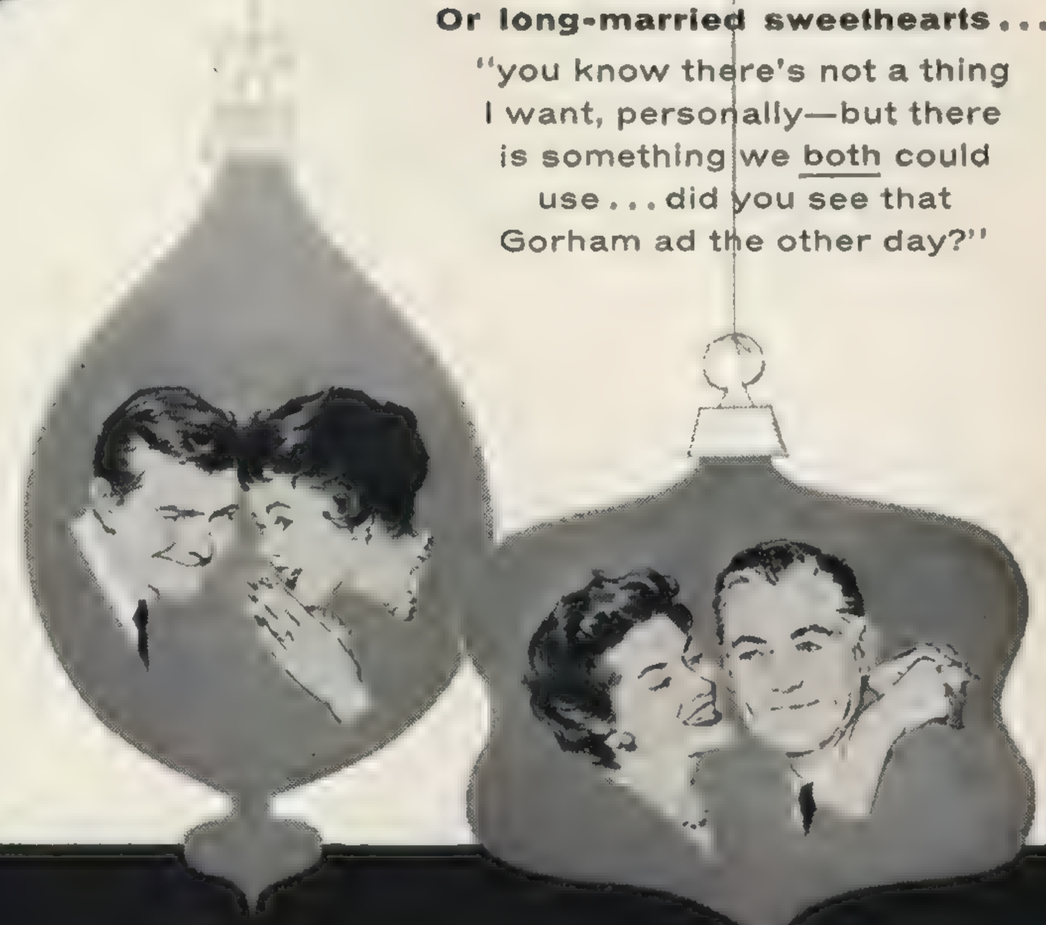


Or a bride to be . . .
"it's so nice of the girls
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Gorham pattern doesn't cost
any more than a lacy slip . . ."

Or a young married . . .
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RECIPE, RECIPE

(Continued from page 28)

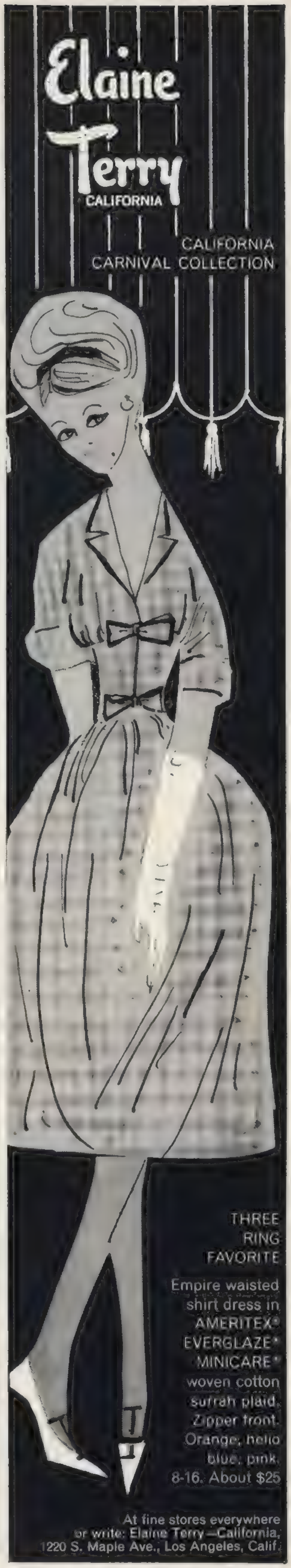
delightful travel books which describe a honeymoon in Switzerland, a visit to one's aunt in Sicily, or a father-in-law in Persia, an autobiography by a diplomat's wife, or a novel like *Sauce and Sensuality* [parts of which were originally published in Vogue], where the author, Elisabeth Ayrton, tells the story of a small French hotel and the château on the hill, of provincial cooking and the *haute cuisine*. To read the casually inserted recipes of these dishes is to read the history of France.

If you see yourself as a cook, beware of becoming too well known for a *spécialité de la maison*. It will always be expected of you. Then, after a while, you lose interest and so does the dish. Learn well that always effective Spanish *paella* with chicken, rice, shellfish, sausage, olives, peas, green and red peppers, but next time do Chicken Paul Gauguin on His Return from Tahiti. Here's the recipe for four:

2 large peeled tomatoes
1 clove garlic
1 cup chicken broth
1 large frying chicken
6 slices of fresh pineapple or
2 tins pineapple cubes
4 bananas—skinned
2 ounces Madeira
1¼ cups rice
Butter
Saffron

Melt 1 tablespoon butter in small saucepan and add chopped tomatoes and garlic. Add chicken broth, reduce all over small flame. Cut chicken into quarters and bake in 400° oven, basting frequently with olive oil and butter or margarine. Melt 2 tablespoons butter in a skillet and sauté drained pineapple until delicately browned. Sauté 4 bananas in 3 tablespoons of butter until browned. Remove cooked chicken onto a hot serving plate, seasoning with salt and pepper. Rinse skillet with Madeira, add the pineapple and broth, and pour over chicken. Meanwhile rice has been cooked with saffron, and is then arranged around the chicken; on top of the rice the bananas are placed. Best for a small dinner.

Now where did I get that recipe? Out of a magazine. Here's the clipping to prove it. I say, has anyone seen my big scissors?



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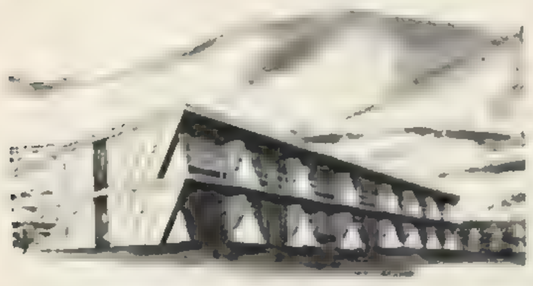


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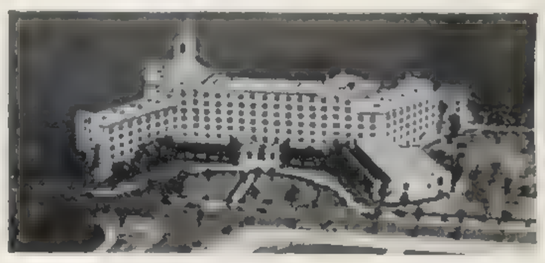
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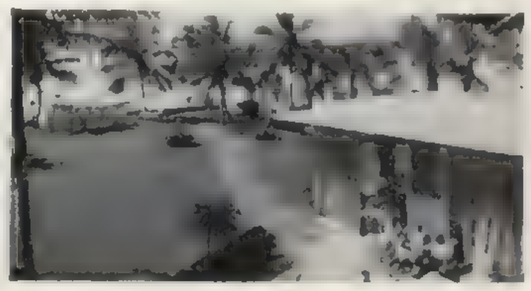
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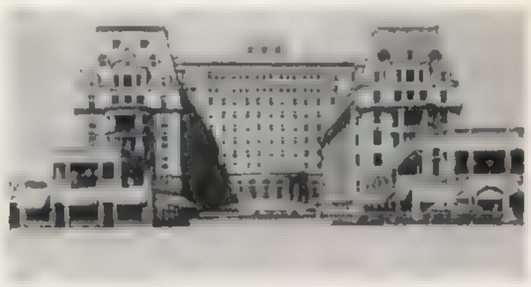


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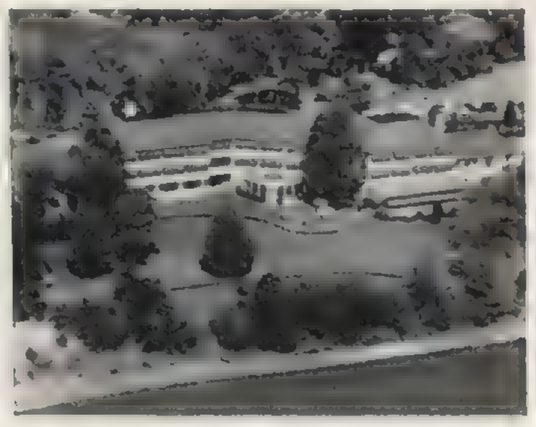


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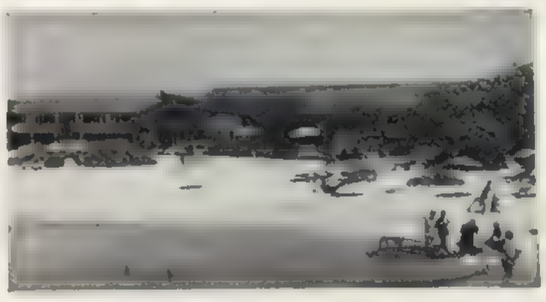
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Let The Vogue Travelog assist you in making plans for your southern holiday. Enjoy the hospitality of the hotels we list for your pleasure.

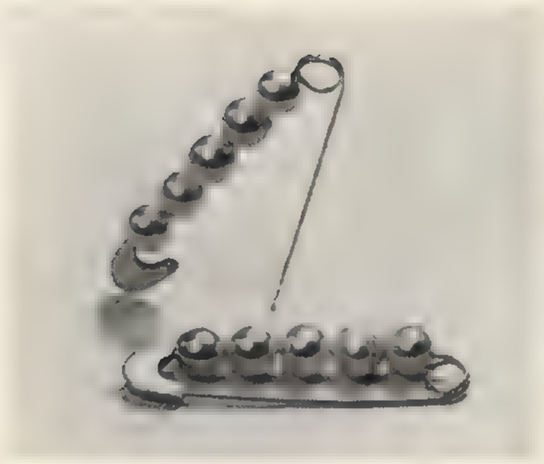






SHOP HOUND

. . . Christmas extra:
bonus pages for present hunters



Pearl-strung pins.
Five cultured baroque pearls on each of these 14-k. gold safety pins; 2¼″. $25 each, plus tax, ppd.
Nathan Gem & Pearl Co.,
10 East 46th St., New York 17.



Pacemaking snails. These gold-plated sterling silver snail pins have five antennae, are 2″ long. $4.50 each ppd., including federal tax.
Eugenia Da Veiga,
370 East 10th St., New York 9.

Jewelled circles on this 14-k. gold ring. A cultured pearl encircled by sapphires is tangent to a sapphire surrounded by cultured pearls. $85 inc. tax, ppd.
Gotham Gifts,
15 West 47th St., New York 36.

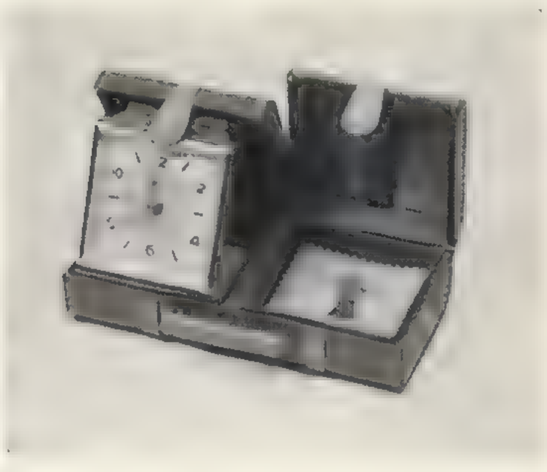


For those who know the ropes, this one—45″ of uniform baroque cultured pearls—is a good choice.
By Imperial Pearl Syndicate, $75 plus tax at Bonwit Teller,
721 Fifth Ave., New York 22.





Holiday flowers.
Two pretty glass jars of potpourri with flowered cork stoppers. Large jar, $3.95; small, $2.75; both ppd. Galleria,
143 East 54th St..
New York 22, N. Y.



Precious hours. This travel clock and jewel case has a suède-lined brown cowhide case. The clock is a thirty-hour alarm. 2¾″ x 5½″. $16.95 ppd.
Elizabeth McCaffrey,
Dept. V-12, Northport, N. Y.

Dharma Buddha.
A hand-carved dangle of deep-green jade, with base and link of 14-k. gold. 1″ high. $30 inc. tax, ppd.
International Gem,
15 Maiden Lane, New York 38.



Versatile evening bag.
To carry anywhere after six, this black antelope envelope with a faille lining. 7″ long. $7.95 plus tax. Bloomingdale's,
59th St. and Lexington Avenue,
New York 22, N. Y.



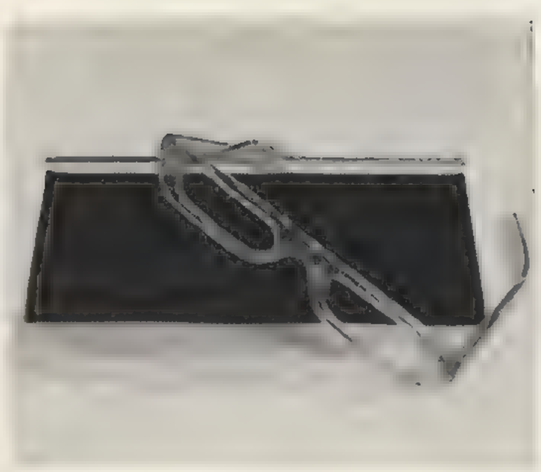


Christmas light-up. Made of ridged 14-k. gold, this slender cigarette lighter is a purse-sized 2″ high. Top lifts off for refilling. $85 inc. tax, ppd. Marchal Jewelers,
745 Fifth Ave., New York 22.



MIEHLMANN

Italian shoes, here, in black plush calfskin with a low, rounded heel and emphasis on comfort. Sizes 4 to 10 M; 6 to 10 N. $13.50 ppd.
Bloom Shoe Shop,
311 6th Ave., New York 14.



Spectacle casing, here, in black suède with a gold-plated frame, a grey suède lining. 6½″ x 2½″. $5 ppd. Aitchison & Company, 655 Madison Ave., New York 21.



Ringleader. A large fresh-water pearl encircled by five diamonds is set in this rough-textured 14-k. gold ring. $400 inc. tax, ppd. The Collection. 38 East 54th St., New York 22.



Wristy business. Two 14-k. gold *objets*, to dangle from this 14-k. gold link bracelet. Bracelet, $60; disc, $45; pencil, $22.50. Prices inc. tax, ppd. Charms Unlimited, P. O. Box 59, Carle Place, New York.



Paisley to carry. The wallet and 8″-long handbag here are made from 17th-century Scottish shawls. Wallet, $7.95; bag, $11.95; both plus tax. Fantasia Shop, Lord & Taylor, 5th Ave., 38th St., New York 18, N. Y.



Coining for Christmas. Johnston Jewels has made these cuff links out of Roman coins minted before 500 A.D.; 14-k. gold backing. $75 inc. tax, ppd. Johnston Jewels, Ltd., 301 Park Ave., New York 22.



Christmas afoot. These satin opera pumps have spool heels, tapered toes. In black or white. Sizes 4 to 10, AAAA-B. $19.95. J. & J. Slater, 533 Madison Ave., New York 22.

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SHOP HOUND

... Christmas extra



Christmas outpour. Made of burnished aluminum with black Bakelite handles, these pitchers are imported from Castile. One pint, $1; two quarts, $3. Both ppd. The Old Mexico Shop, Santa Fe, New Mexico.



Formula for hors d'oeuvres: serve them on this boat-shaped tray of hand-polished mahogany. Imported from Haiti, the tray is also good for flowers. $3.98 ppd. Hobi, Dept. V-12, Flushing 52, New York.



Cutting asides: Twelve steak knives and a 3-piece carving set; English stainless steel blades, all with black handles rimmed with gold plating. $9.95 ppd. Central Galleries, 100 Central Park South, New York 19, N. Y.



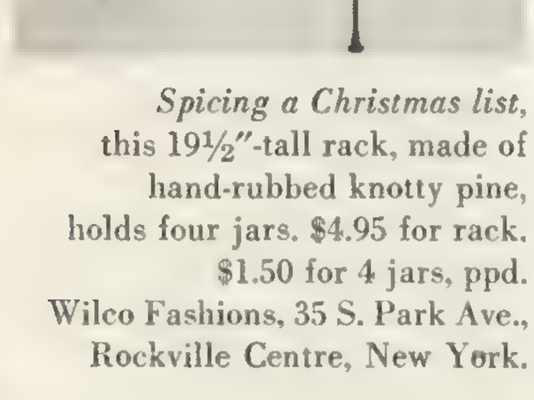
Cat divine. This cat, representing the ancient Egyptian goddess of joy, is reproduced here in green bronze-finished "stone"; 9½" high. $9.95 ppd. Edith Chapman, Nyack, New York.



Holding the record for easy, accessible storage of up to 100 long-playing albums, this black wrought-iron stand is 19" high. $8.95 exp. collect. Leslie Creations, Dept. 117, Lafayette Hill, Pennsylvania.



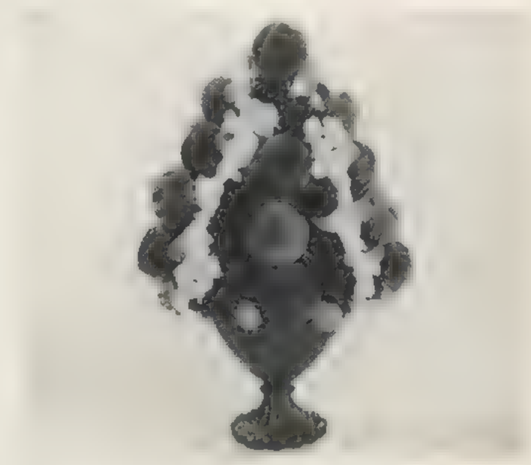
Something brewing— instant coffee, tea, water, anything—in this electric brewmaster. Glazed ivory ceramic. Holds 8 ounces. (Two minutes boiling point.) $2.98 ppd. Damar, 788 Damar Building, Elizabeth, New Jersey.



Spicing a Christmas list, this 19½"-tall rack, made of hand-rubbed knotty pine, holds four jars. $4.95 for rack. $1.50 for 4 jars, ppd. Wilco Fashions, 35 S. Park Ave., Rockville Centre, New York.



Still-life centrepiece. A 9" pyramid of fake fruit, white fake flowers; on a black glass base, gilt-flecked. $10.95 ppd. Flowers Unlimited, 125 East 39th Street, New York 16, N. Y.



Getting the hang of things. Imported from Japan, this bamboo-stained towel rack makes a good addition to kitchen or bathroom. 23" high. $4.50 ppd. Penthouse Gallery, 15 W. 55th St., New York 19.



A meal in itself. A place setting made of edibles is painted on this white plastic mat with a foam rubber backing. 19" x 13". By Fornasetti, $1.95 each. Kenner, 644 Lexington Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

MIEHLMANN



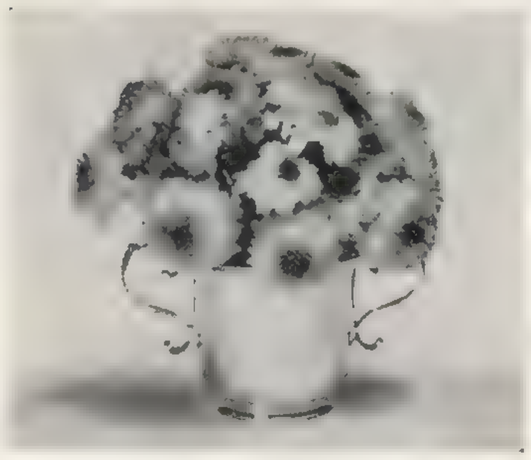
Present—copper-wrapped. A copper basket comes packed with strawberry and bing-cherry preserves, orange marmalade, and French Bar-le-duc. $11.75 ppd. Sey-Co, 14657 Lull Street, Van Nuys, California.



This lotus-shaped flower bowl, from Japan, is made of Iyo porcelain on a black teak-finished cherry-wood stand. 7″ x 10″. $13.50 ppd. Gunn & Latchford. 323 Fifth Avenue. New York 16, New York.



Prize idea for flowers or cigarettes: this sterling silver reproduction of a Channel Island, two-handled cup. 2⅜″ high. $24.50 inc. tax, ppd. Robert Ensko, 682 Lexington Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.



Christmas-shopping aide. Rescue measure for package jugglers—this plastic-and-nylon string bag holds up to twenty pounds; when not in use, folds into its own tiny case. $1.39. Lord & Taylor, 424 Fifth Avenue, New York 18.



On the table, for Christmas and after: this Irish linen setting in ecru, with embroidered strawberries. Mats, 12″ x 18″; napkins, 18″ square. $29.95 for 8 mats and napkins. Tea cloth with 4 napkins, $13.95. Bournefield, 714 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.



New Year's stir. These 12-k. gold-filled champagne stirrers are handmade with twisted wire handles ending in balls of semi-precious stones. $4.50 each; four for $15 ppd., inc. tax. Marion Batory, 253 West 72nd St., New York 23.



Rose leaves in relief on these Worcester reproductions of Blind Earl sweetmeat dishes. Porcelain, 8½ inches wide, they have scalloped, gold-leaf-bordered edges. $36 each. Alice Marks, 36 East 57th St., New York 22.



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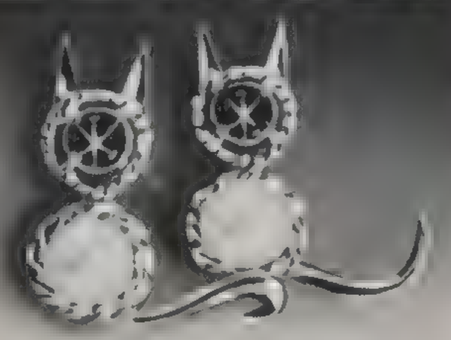
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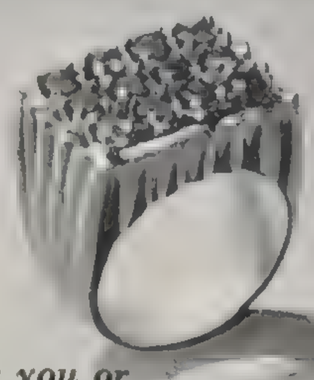


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Height of hair—usually at the crown, sometimes involving a hidden hair piece or chignon—is the nearly-always flattering idea behind this year's Christmas coiffing. Important here; the body and polish given by the right permanent, the right amount of conditioning.

SHOP



Height of hair achieved with a hair piece hidden at the crown. Dark shades, $35; blond or grey, $42. Joseph Fleischer, 12 West 27th St., New York 1, N.Y.



Reflecting your pleasure in present-giving, this sterling silver-backed mirror is purse-sized, 2″. $15 plus tax. Giulietta di Roma, 789 Madison Ave., New York 21.



Young and Récamiered, this coif is by Les Girls, a new salon that will arrange home service at your request. 1262 Second Ave.. New York 21.



Banged symmetry here: a daytime coif to brush up or aside for after-dark. Frederic Jones, 54 East 57th St., New York 22.



A spring of deep waves
on the cheeks and crown
flatters the squarish face.
Mr. Harold, Hotel Winslow,
55th St. & Madison Ave.,
New York 22.

HOUND

. . . Christmas coiffing



A sweep of bang waves gently
across the forehead from a
low side part. This polished,
young coif is by James Caesar,
48 East 49th St., New York 17.



On pins and needles: try keeping
them in this magnetized
sterling silver cup. 2″ high.
Helena Rubinstein,
$2.90 inc. tax ppd.,
655 Fifth Ave., New York 22.



Bouffant at back, this coif
by François de Paris,
is designed to create a
smaller-seeming face.
37 West 8th St., New York 11.



High-swirling crown,
a transparency of bang.
By Bernard Guro, whose other
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19 East 57th St., New York 22.

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could be pinned onto a lapel with this 18-k. gold flower pin set with three fresh-water pearls. 3" long. $88 ppd., inc. tax. Merrin Jewels, Dept. V., 530 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

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SHOP







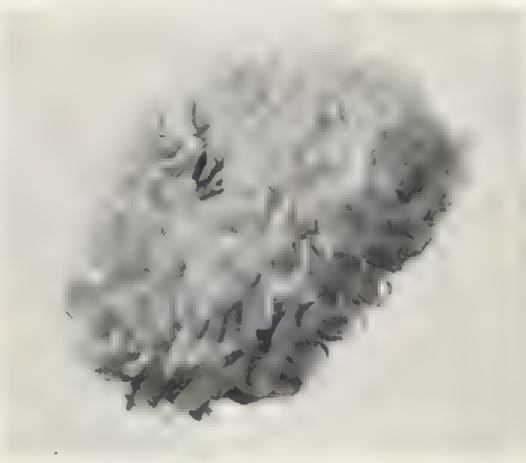
A waist-length jacket,
of black-dyed Argentine broadtail lamb. Lammoiré-processed by Hammer Brand with a black-dyed mink collar. Sizes 8 to 14. $185 ppd., inc. tax. Harold J. Rubin, 52 East 56th St., N.Y. 22.

Jewelled watch.
Twenty-five diamonds are set on the detachable leaf that clips over the dial of this 18-k. gold Swiss watch. By Gubelin; $1,595 inc. tax. At Tourneau Jewelers, 431 Madison Ave., N.Y. 22.

Holiday robing. This white Cannon terry-cloth robe has a self tie and hip pockets. Monograms on request. Standard size. $7.30 ppd.; king size (for those over six feet), $8.30 ppd. Woodmere Mills, Dept. V-12, Bennington, Vt.



MIEHLMANN



Christmas nightcap—
this one's in ruffled nylon tricot, elasticized to fit all sizes. hide curl clips. In pink, blue, white, or black. $3.95. John Baldwin. 156 Beach Drive North, St. Petersburg, Florida.



Scottish sweater. Made of closely-knitted wool, this turtle-neck sweater comes in brown, red, white, grey, blue, or black. Sizes 34 to 40. $19.95. By Braemar, at Bernath & Co., 560 Madison Ave., New York 22.

HOUND ... Christmas extra



An evening cashmere cardigan with a double scrolling of white silk-satin worn here with a black silk chiffon skirt. Sweater, $110; sizes 34 to 44. From Giovagnoni, at Bergdorf Goodman, 754 Fifth Ave., New York 22.



On guard for Christmas. Two pairs of narrow 14-k. gold rings here. One pair is set with rubies, the other with sapphires. $72 a pair, inc. tax. Altman's, 34th St. and 5th Ave., N. Y. 16.

Oriental sheathing, in a silk tapestry brocade with two frog closings at the collar, one on the right shoulder. Sizes 32 to 40. $24.95 ppd. House of Chinese Products, 1604 Broadway, New York 19.



Trimmed with black calfskin, these green suède shoes have high, unbreakable heels. Sizes 4 to 10 AAA-C $19.95 ppd. Delmar Shoes, 58 West 57th St., New York 36.

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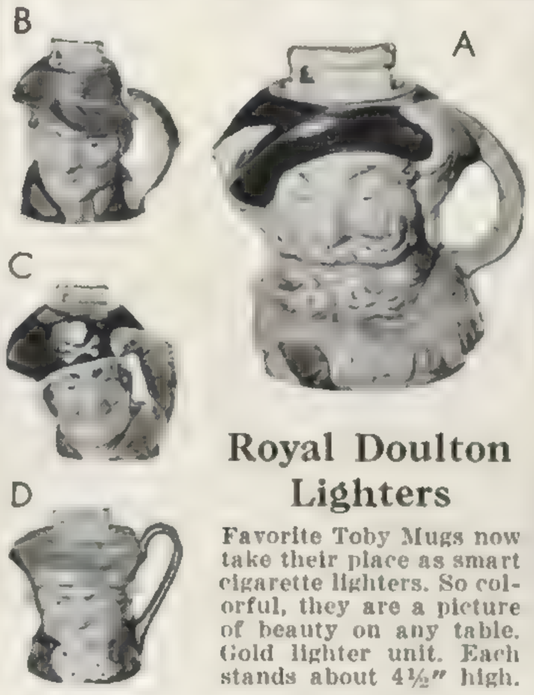
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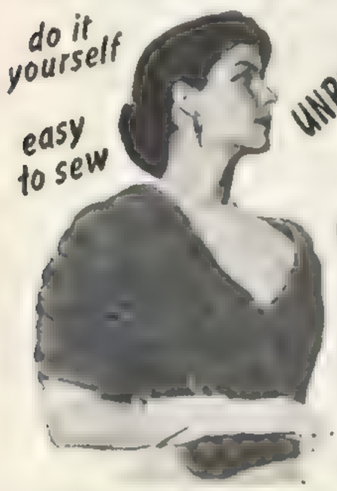
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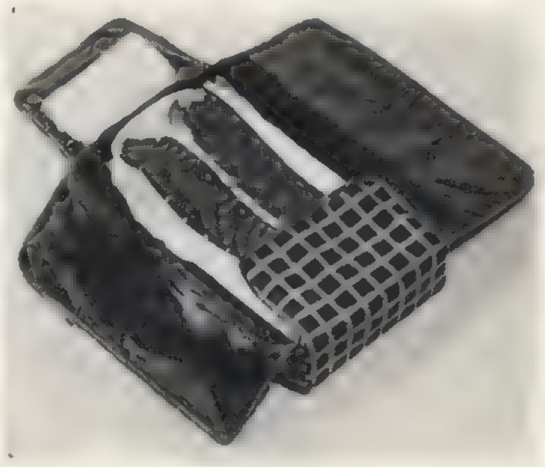
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SHOP

. . . Christmas extra



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A present for trippers: this traveller's check folder with pockets for passport, tickets, identification. In black or red Moroccan leather. or tan pigskin. $8.75 ppd., inc. tax. Kent of Fifth Avenue, 745 5th Ave., N. Y. 22.



Slender liqueur decanters in aqua or yellow Venetian glass. 13" high. $19.50 each. Piazza Montici, 19 East 55th St., N. Y. 22.



Heat and serve anything from sauces to melted butter in these copper French melting pans. In graduated sizes from 1½ oz. to 8 oz. $17.95 ppd. for five. Bazar Français, 666 6th Ave., N. Y. 10.

Those for whom the kitchen stove is something more than a frozen food thawer will enjoy Carolyn Coggins' correspondence cooking course, a series of 24 lessons, each of which includes an assignment or quiz, an evaluation of relevant cooking equipment. Scheduling of lessons and choice of recipes, ranging from Bengal curry to crêpes Suzette, are up to you. $98.50 for 24 lessons. Carolyn Coggins Finishing School for Homemakers, Ridgeway Station, Stamford, Connecticut.



MIEHLMANN

HOUND

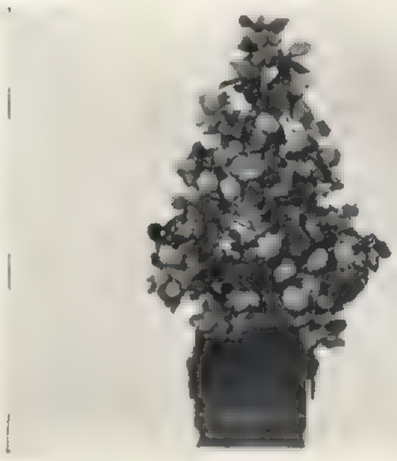
After-dinner story with a twist—in the handles of these ceramic demitasse cups. In white or blue and white. With saucers, $1.75 each. Henri Bendel, 10 W. 57th St., N. Y. 19.

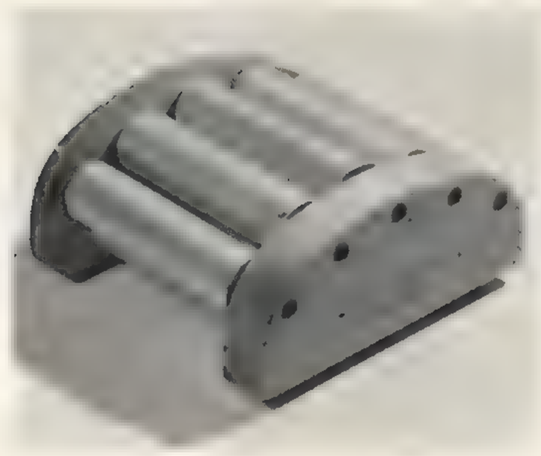




For school and after, a little girl's Orlon sweater with red and navy ribbons on the front. In white, red, or navy. By the Comtesse de Leon; sizes 3-6x, $8.95; 7-14, $9.95. Mignon Shops, El Paseo, Santa Barbara, California.

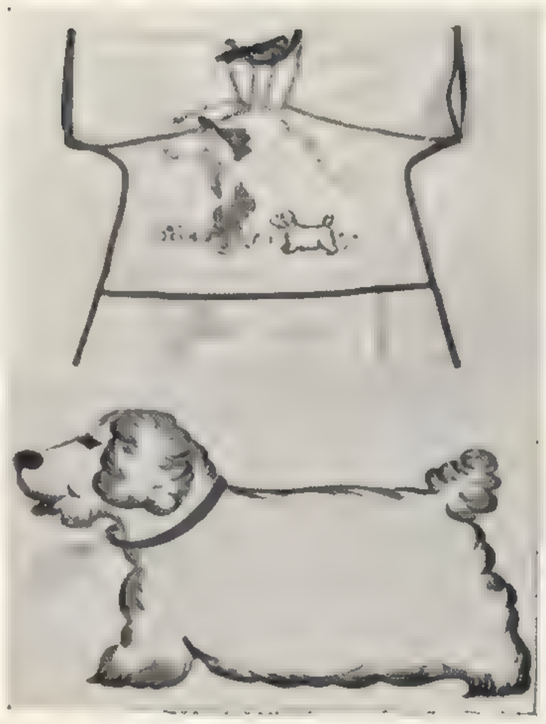
Charming fake. A bright idea for mantel decoration, this one-sided strawberry plant has a square wooden container. 16" high. $35 ppd. Constance Spry, 507 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22.





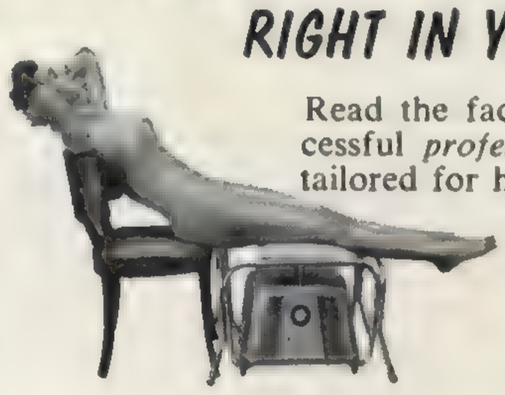
Stimulating idea: use this wooden foot-exerciser to massage tired or sore feet. 6½" x 5¾". $4.50, ppd. B. Nelson, 10 E. 39th St., N. Y. 16.

For high-chair meals, the plastic place mat and bib here are made of white plastic shaped as dogs or cats; with your child's first name. $2.25 ppd. inc. name. The Windmill Co., 510 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22.



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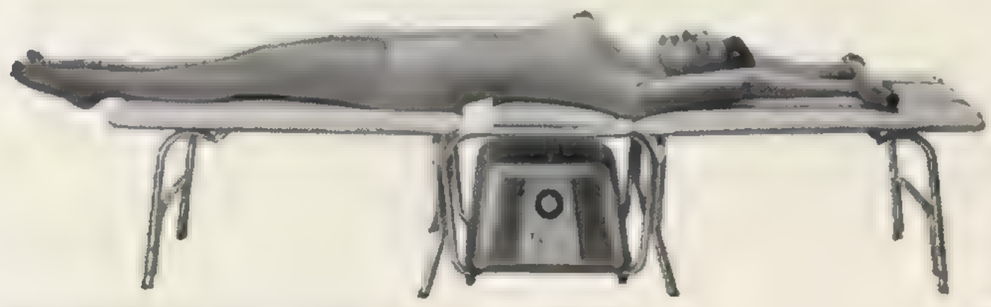


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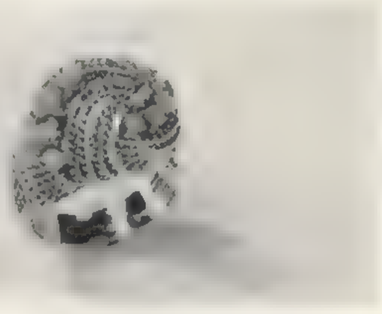
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SHOP HOUND



... Christmas extra



To twist around your finger, an 18-k. gold ring headed with eleven turquoises set in a turban of gold rope. $75 ppd., inc. tax. Roman Gold, Inc., 137 East 56th St., New York 22.

This tie from Thailand, scarf of hand-woven silk in a green and blue plaid, easily large enough to use as a stole; 30″ x 96″. Available in a variety of colour combinations. $25. Far Eastern Fabrics, 171 Madison Ave., New York 16.



MIEHLMANN

Flashing smile department (nice to take to a holiday party). Kopal, a cosmetic enamel for the teeth, brushes on to cover less-than-toothsome dinginess with a pearly finish. Kopal is tasteless, odourless, lasts about as long as the rest of your make-up. $3.30 ppd., inc. tax. Frostie Winters, Dept. VE, 313 East 53rd Street, New York 22.

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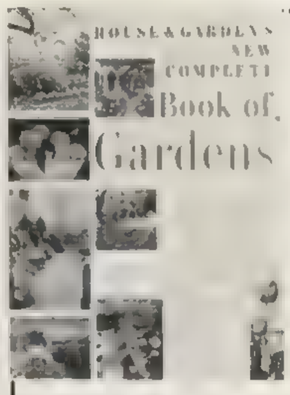
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Shoes: I. Miller



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IN THE JET SET

New York to Paris in a Boeing 707

BY MARY ROBLEE

That old gag—lunch in Paris and dinner in New York—came true for me. I feel like a jet-age Nelly Bly, and have, ever since I left Idlewild for a four-day zip to Paris and back aboard the Pan American World Airways Boeing 707 "Mayflower."

My travel fever ran as high as the spewing volcano Capelinhos, which we saw unexpectedly as we flew over the Azores. Paris and the jet are a potent mix and, admittedly, one of the more lovable ways of working. A promising jet set, I decided, looking over the hundred or so passengers and thinking of Lindbergh alone in "The Spirit of St. Louis."

"Pan American's Flight 114—Jet Clipper Service to Paris—now boarding, gate 8" sounded over the amplifier. People emerged from telephone booths and waiting rooms and moved toward the two gangways, first class entering the gigantic aircraft from the nose ramp, economy class from the tail ramp. Luckily I had seat 4-D in first class for the night hop, switching to economy for the easier return day flight.

After slipping through the small lounge to one of the forty wide, grey first-class seats, I looked towards the rear of the blue and white cavernous interior at the people sweeping down the aisle, like countless first-nighters in the baby-blue Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, and filling the close-packed economy seats, six abreast, three on either side of the aisle.

FASTEN YOUR SEAT BELTS. NO SMOKING PLEASE. Small lighted letters which seemed about the size of ten point Bodoni type, glimmered above each row of seats as we taxied out to one of the long jet runways and stood, engines idling, poised for flight. The rev-up came with a furious rush of wind that seemed to speed us down the strip, then, with the smooth leap of a greased gazelle, the jet sprang into the sky.

As we climbed lightly at a thousand feet a minute, the floor slanted, land lights became sequins, and my wonderment was absurdly shattered by a syrupy taping through the intercom of "With a Song in My Heart." Seat belts were unclamped. Hostesses pointed out oxygen masks lodged in niches above the seats. Long Island slipped away.

Then, over the intercom, came the relaxed Southern drawl of the pilot, Captain Benjamin Harrell: "We'll be cruising at twenty-seven thousand feet, climbing to thirty-three thousand feet, reaching a speed of six hundred miles per hour."

I looked out of the small, triple-paned window down the silvery, back-swept wing to the great engines muffled in pods at the end of aluminum struts. No propeller blade-tips chopped the air, the grinding throb of piston engines was absent. Inside the cabin, a noise like the low-keyed whine on Heathcliff's moors came from the wind glancing off the aluminum skin of the plane. Floating higher, softly and imperceptibly, the jet tuned to its own orchestration: an obligato curiously reminiscent of flutes in a Debussy tone poem rather than the Wagnerian thunder of piston-engined planes. The jet is not silent—how unnerving to have total silence while air-borne—but its music is agreeable, vibrationless, and, most importantly, untiring. We talked in normal voices, lower pitched, admittedly, in the front seats than in the economy rear compartment where jet tones louden.

A taped medley from *My Fair Lady* suddenly annihilated Debussy. We dined from trays, placed, not on waggly knees, but on firm grey tables which jump-down from the backs of seats in front and, happily, do not swerve when the occupant tilts his seat. Economy passengers have sandwiches and coffee, also on grey jump-down tables.

Five hours, nine minutes out of New York, we made a fuel stop, beginning the descent a half hour out of the airport at Santa Maria in the Azores. Dropping at two thousand feet a minute, the plane, in swift deceleration, slid unjarringly along the runway to a stop. We poured down the two gangways into the night-dreary terminal for strong, black Portuguese coffee. All around, the conversation had a monotonous beat: "I didn't stop in a DC-7C/Britannia/Super Starliner/Stratocruiser. This is the non non-stop jet."

Why *non* non-stop? Although the Boeing 707 does make London in the promised six and one half hours, and Paris in the promised seven hours, it is, despite its thrusting speed of up to 600 miles per hour and its operating altitude of 25,000 to 40,000 feet, subject to strong head-winds which burn up fuel faster when the plane carries capacity weight. At present, there *may* be a fuel stop on the transocean west-to-east flight, and there is a definite fuel stop on the east-to-west flight. Next year, the bigger, newer jets, Boeing Intercontinentals, for example, will have larger fuel tanks and more powerful engines to drive them in broader leaps at four-fifths the speed of sound.

There is, too, the little matter of airports still preparing longer, heavier runways, beefing up pavements of parking pads, constructing underground fuel hydrants for loading jet tanks at the speed of two thousand gallons a minute. Ground services, for the handling of more than one hundred passengers per flight, are, in most airports, deplorably inadequate. One late 1959 improvement: Pan American's new departure building at Idlewild, which will have protected boarding ramps straight into the plane.

But the jet facts stand. It is fast, new, untiring. We put down at Le Bourget in Paris in eight hours, thirty-nine minutes flying time. The return flight, minus a fuel stop in Iceland: eight hours, forty-seven minutes. At Idlewild, the clock read 6:11 P.M., just in time to dress for dinner in New York.



Superglow Solid Powder

with **Lumium**

Finely compressed, handsomely cased and portable — this is the same Superglow Face Powder with Lumium that has made cosmetic history on the dressing table . . . that is known (pretty well around the world now) for its extraordinary way of washing out tiny lines and shadows by reflecting, rather than absorbing, light rays. Here now — prepared to pay you the same glowing compliment at a moment's notice — the same famous powder, in the same famous flattering shades.

in a fluted golden case or an ivory-and-gold compact

Germaine Monteil

VOGUE

DECEMBER, 1958



KATHRYN ABBE

Vogue's eye view of the real Christmas experts

—the children. (Two, above, have the wreath situation well in hand.) They know exactly what it's all about, and how it should be handled. What it is, is: a birthday party. How it should be handled is: by them. They know how a tree should be trimmed—ornaments densely massed in the lower third; how a crèche should be arranged—animals clustered around the manger, people out in left field. They know that the Christmas centrepiece of lady apples and tangerines and gilded walnuts is there to be *eaten*. They feel strongly that the pine garland in the hall would be improved by some large, wobbly red bows placed at irregular intervals. (It may be possible to straighten the bows a bit after the experts have retired, but be careful—like all experts, they're observant, and touchy.) Even if you have none of these experts in residence, you can still learn a lot from them and their approach to Christmas. It *is* a birthday party; everybody is invited, and everybody is supposed to have a good time. It doesn't matter if a few ornaments are offside, a few bows off-centre, and a few last-minute details are forgotten altogether—what matters is the warmth, the welcome, the atmosphere of joy.



December

WILLIAM BELL



surprise—
next year's suit now

Six pages of suits coming up and if they look astonishingly fresh to your eye, that's the surprise. The clothes here are the first spring suits—in the shops now, for wearing now. Their early appearance marks an important re-dating of fashion; will make the difference, we think, between a so-so fashion start into January and a smashing one.

Left: Fresh-cut suit, beige-and-white loosely woven Rodier wool. Timely this, but still with an element of surprise to spring-board a fresh new look. The jacket's one quarter belt, for one thing; and the neckline is a new lower one. By Maurice Rentner, about $265. De Pinna; Montaldo's; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Handbag by Josef at De Pinna. Lilly Daché beret.

Above: Another tip-off to how the new suit jackets are going to look—belty, easeful, hip-skimming. This, of a striking red English wool, light enough and sufficiently unshouldered to replace the usual wool dress under furs. Suit by George Carmel, about $190. At Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Frederick & Nelson. The cloche, a bright red beaver steeple, by Sally Victor.



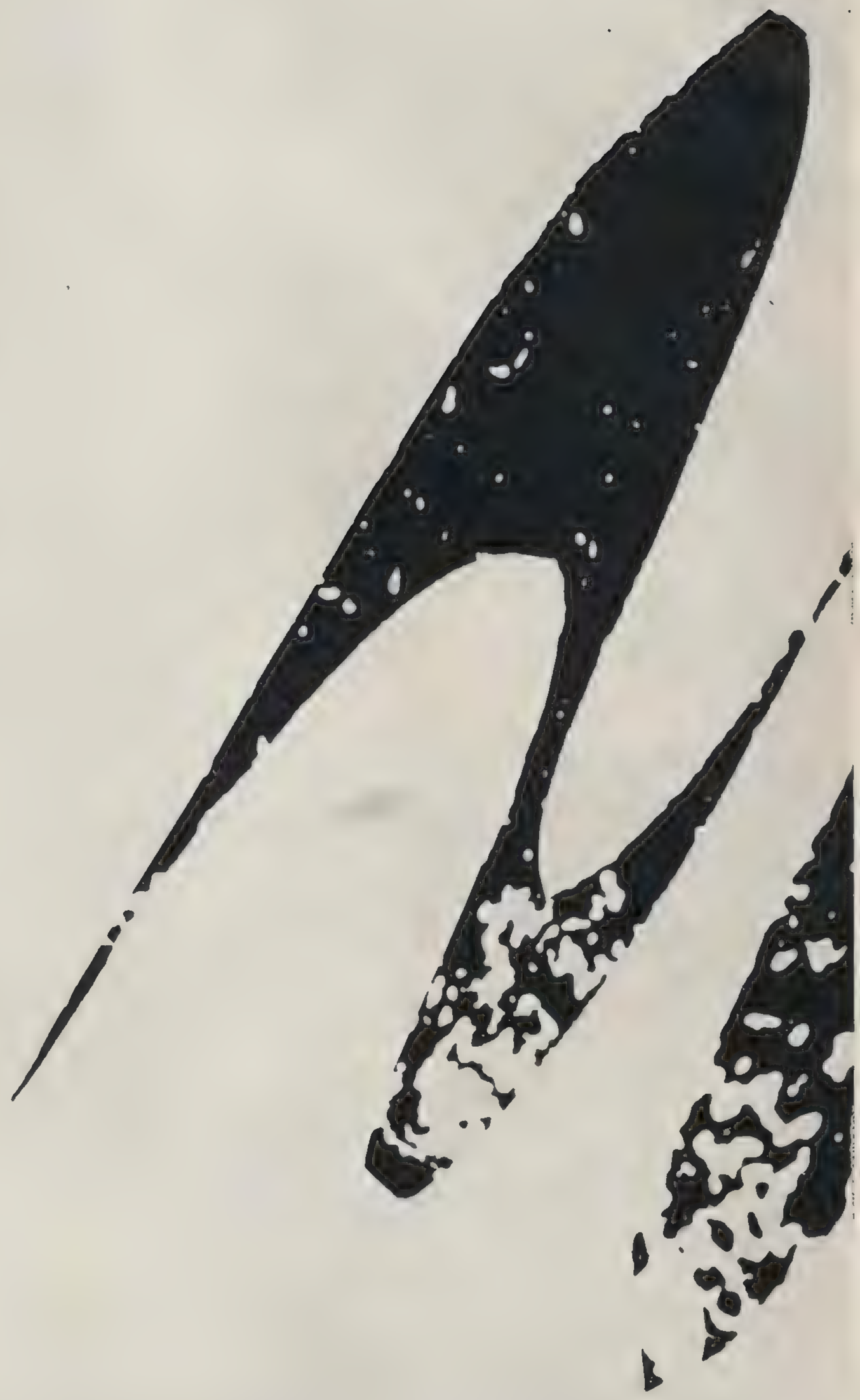
Next year's suit now



Left: December suit of beige herringbone jersey that (until March anyway) might never go out of doors without an amber fox overcoat. Here it's worn with a toque of pale-purple and beige wool plaid pulled close, sideways. Suit, by Monte-Sano & Pruzan, of a firm wool jersey, about $215. At Bonwit Teller; L. S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Emme hat. *Above:* Grey wool suit with some new bylaws—deep collar, deep belt of pewter leather, showing a good deal of figure without feverishly trying for it. And *this* bylaw: Morell British wool fine-gauge enough to make steam heat seem the reasonable idea it is. By Marquise, about $185. Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel; Neiman-Marcus. Sally Victor hat.

WILLIAM BELL





Above: If there's a daytime situation this couldn't walk away with, we don't know it: bright soft red wool jacket and skirt, with a drawstring in control, marvellously played-down blouse made of beige printed silk organdie (jacket lining, ditto); and a general air of owing something, but not everything, to the figure underneath. By Samuel Winston, about $265. Bergdorf Goodman; Hudson's; Joseph Magnin. Red fedora, from Lilly Daché. Necklace by Lisner: Bergdorf Goodman. *Right:* Brilliantly beige example of the kind of suit that's making the why-wait-for-spring contingent completely satisfied these days—English worsted jersey with the accumulated weight of a feather and a springy kind of light-handed tailoring. Hinted at here, and to watch: return of the dirndl. Suit by Ben Gershel, of Jerseycraft fabric, about $175. Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus. The Monet gilt bracelets at Saks Fifth Avenue. Emme hat of white belting.



Next year's suit now

The warm surprises

Some things can take the element of surprise or leave it. Just being is enough to make them wildly desirable. Great furs. for instance . . . diamonds . . . a Rolls-Royce. When surprise does enter the picture, it's pure *lagniappe*, as you'll see on these four pages. *Left:* Empress chinchilla evening coat and—as if that weren't enough—surprises. The top, which is cut like a cape, has a standaway neckline, horizontally worked skins. For the rest, just plain chinchilla. At Maximilian. Necklace and earrings from Tiffany. *Right:* Car coat—except: it's meltingly pale mink, looks marvellous in the evening over, say, a long thin black dress (daytime, naturally, over *everything*). This: "Autumn Haze," Emba natural brown mutation mink. By Frishman-Gintel, at Best & Co.; N. H. Rosenthal. Earrings: diamonds—still and swaying—Cartier. Coiffures, both pages, by Kenneth of Lilly Daché.

LOUISE DAHL-WOLFE



Surprises—warm and glowing

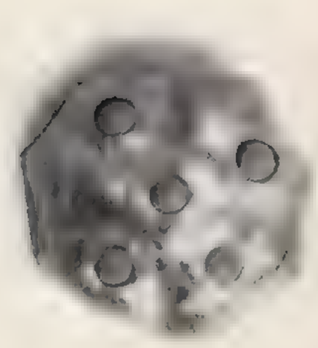
Left: Loose, longish mink jacket with the surprise of bands of shirring at the cuffs, along the toss-back collar. To wear? Whenever you feel like it—that's the way it is in mink-jacket country. This, "Lutetia," Emba natural gunmetal mutation mink. By Christie Bros. At Jenny's; Harzfeld's; Raymond's. The jewels, from Verdura. *Right:* Worn by the wrist in this photograph, some famous beauties—strands and strands of tiny Oriental pearls, *petits-pois* sapphires. Each bracelet, a loose, fluid twist, clasped with a brilliance of sapphire and diamonds. When it's not clasping, incidentally, the clasp of the pearl bracelet works as a pin. Both bracelets, and the herringbone-patterned gold cigarette case are from Cartier.

LOUISE DAHL-WOLFE









Jewelmarks by Luciana of Rome



A compelling brunette with a deep-thrumming voice, Luciana—sketched above in full jewel—brings to the handling of stones and gold all the vivid invention, the exuberant lack of inhibition that has made Italy's new Renaissance in design one of the joys of the age. Her shop in Rome's Via della Vita, a coin's roll from the Piazza di Spagna, has been known especially for costume jewellery, but now Luciana has begun to work in precious stones and metals as well. The touch remains the same; although she was one of the first to borrow—always with inspiration—from Greek and Roman antique jewels seen in the digs and museums of the Mediterranean, her designs have, most importantly, a contemporary boldness, an authority that is Luciana unqualified, unalloyed. Perhaps no one wears them better than she, and all the jewels she wears in Bouché's sketch are of her own design. Delightfully worldly, widely interested, she is in private life the Baroness de Reutern, and lives for most of the year in Rome, where she presides over a small tri-lingual salon (French, Italian, English) which mixes with stimulating overtones artists, politicos, and charmers.



Opposite page: Luciana earrings of solid gold. Left earring, unjewelled; $162* for a pair. Right, gold earring with turquoise, $240* the pair. Both: Bonwit Teller. *Above:* Necklace of rhinestones set back to back, looped, worn high. Wonderfully responsive to light and motion. About $50*. At Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus. *Below, left:* Improbable evening handbag of gilded chain mail set with searchlight rhinestones; solo jewelling for a brilliant dress. $125*. At Bergdorf Goodman. *Below, right:* Luciana version of dangling earrings—real gold, the belling ends standing out stiffly, nodding on fine, limber gold wire. $336*. At Bonwit Teller.

*PLUS TAX





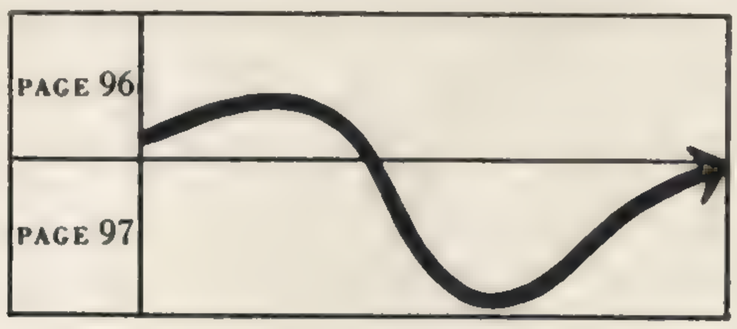
BEADLE



PERFUME INVESTMENT GUIDE FOR MEN

Investment's home base, Wall Street NYC—although it's normally man's country—is inhabited (left) by a blithe spirit of a woman we hope will figure in the investment picture when the Christmas lists are written. Or do men write down their Christmas lists? . . . Frankly, we're not sure, but in between our own shopping for fishing gear, neckties of consequence, a pocket calculator, a bird dog, and an aqualung, we have ticked off for present-investors some definite tips on the perfume market as seen by men. Perfume, because we think it's great; because the women we know think it's great; and because we hope that men are not unappreciative of the scented cloud in which we try to enter a room. One more point: perfume can be bought at the *very* last minute, almost invariably on the ground floor, close to the door. It's a transaction almost any man will find painless . . . and the dividends are fine.

For Market Details, Turn the Page.



SCHATZBERG

The Weather

Christmas and vicinity: Gentle and variable whiffs becoming stronger after December 25.

PERFUME

VOL. I NO. 2 ★★ NEW YORK, DE

The Going Concerns

New Jet-with-it Potential in Perfume Packaging

When the steamer trunk was standard luggage for any woman embarking on a grand tour, perfume could very well travel by the magnum. Now, unless perfumes and colognes are resigned to staying behind, they atomize, aerosol-ize, jellify; and they come in relatively small packages (with small prices), tuck into suitcase corners, or if a woman is really weight-conscious (first-class weight allowance on most jet flights is 66 pounds), into handbags and spare coat pockets where they will be at hand during the trip.

Small bits of advice from a perfume tycoon: think of perfume in the plural. Taking one perfume, or one container of same, is like expecting to reach the theatre seat with that Dixie cup still full of water. And: wrap bottle tops, including atomizers, with cotton wool unless you want to seed the clouds with a perfume you expected to wear. Aerosol bottles are immune to leakage, however.

Among the flowers in purse containers, flacon, atomizer, or both: Fleur Sauvage by Germaine Monteil (don't let the name frighten you; this is deep-scented but hardly man-eating)... Lasso by Patou, flowers but definitely not old-country-garden... Balenciaga's Quadrille for the kind of woman who doesn't believe in arriving anywhere, much less abroad, in an old sweater even if it *is* comfy... Dior's Diorissimo—it took them three years to arrive at this blend but when they zeroed in on it, they knew; instantly likable... Guerlain's Ode, poetic supplement to the usual plane library of unrequired reading... Arpège by Lanvin, France in advance (it can be carried as aerosol toilet water as well as in a chic golden purse flacon)... Envol by Lancôme, thrillingly lily in content, and, nice coincidence for givers of perfume presents at the airport, the name means "flying"... Dark Brilliance by Lenthéric for the kind of woman who couldn't wait to get out of hair ribbons and go jetting from place to astonishing place... Givenchy's Le De has the can't-get-enough-of-that-what'sitsname allure that traces back to jasmine.

Modern blends are "invented"; they may have floral, spice, or wood notes, but in general their fragrance is like nothing you've ever smelled before, this side of heaven anyway. Now Chanel No. 5's famous black-metal purse flacon has a near-twin in an aerosol cologne container measuring about two ounces—if a woman uses cologne the way we think she should, it might be all used up en route. Roman Holiday by Bourjois owns, besides some of the sleekest impact factors in perfume (flowers, honey tones, a top note that's a wow), a spray-mist form called Perfusion... Figurine by Dorothy Gray, a concentrate in "atomist" form, travels sturdily in spite of its fragile name. (Aerosoling, of course, is simply a method of sealing the contents of anything from air, a principle plane passengers probably appreciate better than anyone.)

And, it would seem, especially for the jet age, perfume in a tube: Gel Un Air Embaumé by Rigaud is a clear, delightful, non-greasy jelly that liquefies on contact with the skin. Mainly flowers, this; but a far cry from the innocent rose hip grandmother used to make.

What's News—

* * * * * *

ROPED WITH fruits and blooms: Patou's Lasso, new last year, and the first perfume invention from the House of Patou in roughly ten years. (Looping the stopper is a rompish lariat of real doll-size rope.)

*

RED for Christmas is the colour of the box that holds Corday's Trapèze, new this autumn.

*

GEOGRAPHY, not unmapped by the perfume experts, turns up at Elizabeth Arden in the form of Valencia, which has a rather formal romancy-ness; Du Barry has its Deauville, mixing woodsy and citrus effects; and Débutante de Versailles, a new arrival with rose petals, violets, and jasmine, comes in squared crystal, bottled by Daggett & Ramsdell.

*

SUBTLE, very much of the moment is Balenciaga's Quadrille, named for the eighteenth-century dance. This arrives in a stylish, no-fiddle-faddle, ribbed bottle.

*

INSISTENT MUGUET is the *ambiance* of Dior's Diorissimo, which also carries suggestions of hyacinth, heliotrope, honeysuckle, and cool young greenery.

▪

WITHOUT NAÏVETÉ—if the woman in question is, too, her perfume could be Ode by Guerlain, which has a certain floweriness in the background involving jasmine, lilies, roses.

▪

ENVOL, new from the house of Lancôme, imparts a springy, garden-in-showers atmosphere, with a rise of lilies in its breeze.

*

$700 A POUND is the going price of jasmine; $3,500, of tuberose.

*

BRIGHT YOUNG THINGS may care to note the young, blooming, but far from juvenile, charm of Miss Bergdorf, sold naturally, by Bergdorf Goodman, which is bright, but not young at all.

*

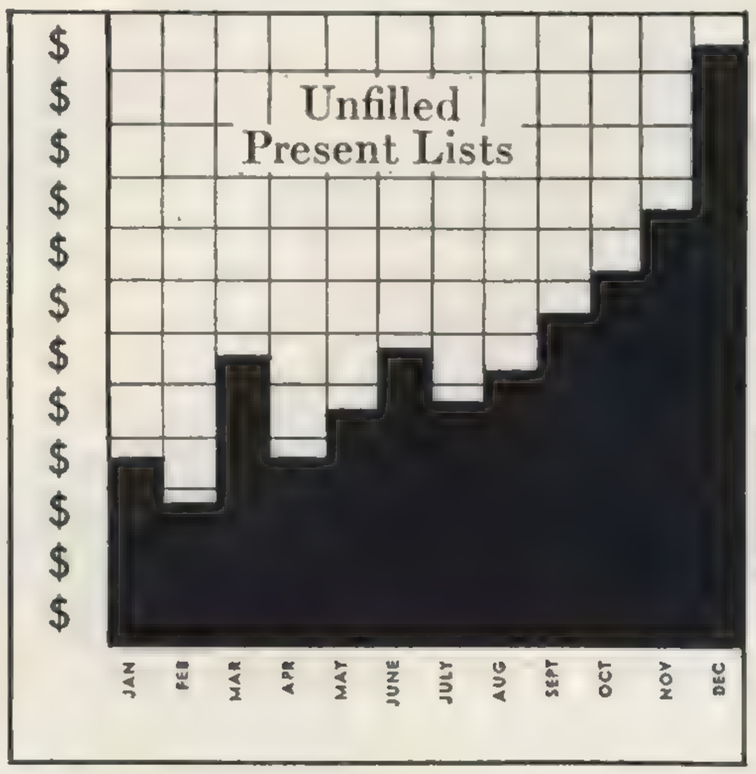
AMERICAN CHEMISTS turn out to be responsible for more perfume arcana than one might think; for instance, Great Lady, an Evyan scent with a blooming complex of floral tones, is produced entirely in the U.S.A.

*

DRAMATIC APPLICATION: Miriam Hopkins, starring in the Thomas Wolfe gloom of *Look Homeward, Angel,* remarked recently that she never goes on stage without her perfume, a small spark to relieve the aggressive frugality of Mrs. Gant's boarding house.

INVESTMENT GUIDE

Perfume Sales Rise



CONSUMPTION of perfume and related products (eaux de cologne, toilet water, spray mists, et cetera) remains steady during the first ten months of the year, spurts suddenly to annual highs in November, December. Reasons apparently: men, women, and Christmas.

National Overtones not Unknown in World-wide Quickening of Scents

Italy's vivacious Italian designer, Simonetta bases her one perfume, Incanto, on Sicilian jasmine, mignonette from Northern Italy, with twinges of oak moss, lilies, and roses.

Spanish entries include Myrurgia's Joya, meaning jewel, which pulses with cooled carnations and jasmine; as well as—surprise, surprise—20 Carats, made by the Dana Corporation which first trod the perfume lists in Barcelona. Besides smelling attractively spicy, this has the additional lure of gold flakes floating in the bottle. Gentler, more delicately flowered is Gal's Granada Mia from the same mantilla-ed locale.

Country of origin can, however, fool the man who buys by label. Young and slightly bookish Peter B., a bachelor with the glow of Princeton still fresh on his brow, explained, "Yardley is a name that crops up in Nancy Mitford novels—that one with the woman who said it was 'so chic, so well produced'—and I thought it meant English lavender, but when I went into a store and smelled Flair—wow! 'Compelling' was what they called it, so I decided it must be okay."

Non-speculative Offerings

Scent Sales Spurred by Present-searching Men

A VOGUE *news roundup*

"For one thing, men *like* women to wear perfume," explained Mr. X of Chicago. "And you don't have to risk not knowing the size to buy."

Mirrored here is the big plus factor that makes perfume an unrisky venture in the Christmas present picture—especially when the buyer is a man. A down-the-line check of sources in New York and across the country revealed, however, wide variation in the male approach to perfume counters. One large, impressive contingent knows right away what to ask for; these men advance purposefully, ask outright for, say, Arpège, a mellow and meaningful flower mélange; or perhaps for Chanel No. 5, one of the first of the great "modern" perfumes—now, in the words of a woman fashion reporter, the "little black dress" of perfumes.

Z., a youngish vice-president living in Dallas, says, "Frankly, the only question I have is about size, and the safe rule there is think big. That's why I buy perfume presents myself instead of sending my secretary. Women are apt to think small."

Operating on a whole other plan is Mr. M., a conservative New Englander, who, by coincidence, owns one of the best small wine cellars in Boston. He brings a rather wine-tasting attack to the subject: "Experiment is my solution—but never more than three scents at a time; that's as much as the olfactory can take. I ask the saleswoman to rub a few drops on her wrist. Then I sniff deeply, exhale deeply; it's important that perfume be air-borne. Last year I settled on a fruity perfume for my wife—Nina Ricci's Fille d'Eve; it has a wonderful crushed orchard quality that's hard to overlook.... But the man who was shopping with me thinks more in terms of semi-exotic perfumes. Maybe Ecusson by Jean d'Albret—heady stuff, not at all reticent."

Sleuths that buy by name

Still another group of men falls into the careful research category, but with them it's reading matter that counts; they case the bottles on the dressing table at home, perhaps ask a few leading questions, then buy by name. Most of the women behind these men have favourite scents of which they never get quite enough. Among the naturals here are these:

Caron's Nuit de Noël, charming and significantly fatale...An appealing middleweight blend of fruits and flowers that's been gaining a loyal claque in the last ten years, Femme by Marcel Rochas....And by Millot, Crêpe de Chine, an early modern that's now a classic for ladylike pungency, a nice haze of nostalgia....Two other moderns: Carven's Ma Griffe, fresh, rather knowing; and Fabergé's Flambeau, a sparkling, volatile scent, presumably to be given by someone who's carrying a torch....Distinguished and woodsy constitutes a frail description of Antilope, invented by Weil with the idea that it ought to be sprayed lightly over ravishing furs....In the spiced school—Balmain's Vent Vert which has the sharp freshness of leaves crushed in the hand; and Directoire, by Charles of the Ritz, rather smoky, bottled in a small Napoleonic urn.

Perfume without French

"Not all perfumes have those French names," remarked Mr. H., the head of a Sioux City brokerage firm. "I like the mixed-flowers kind of thing, and there's one called New Horizons by Ciro; another, Tiara, by Alexandra de Markoff; and Intoxication by D'Orsay." Actually, for French-prone men, another floral bouquet perfume has the name Plaisir (by Raphael, lighthearted, rosy).

C., a sports car racer with a comfortable number of coupons to clip, claims he has no sense of smell at all. "What I do is give 'em variety, two or three bottles to a present—say, Golden Moments, Black Satin, and Mary Chess's Strategy. Looks great; sounds great. How can I lose?"

Mr. L., on the other hand, claims it's when he loses that *he* buys, meaning he's lost one of those internal cold wars, and "perfume can be the way to a girl's heart....Well, occasionally it works. For instance, there's something called Flatterie by Houbigant that has warm undercurrents."

"Perfumed" is the word, traditionally, not only for the Chambers of the Great, but also for the Orient, and among the Easty-textured scents are Coty's L'Origan; Lucien Lelong's Orgueil, mingling such opposites as sandalwood and violets; Anjou's Celestial, which blends no less than sixty-five elements. Mystery sways U.S. perfume-makers, too; notably Max Factor, who came up with Hypnotique; Shulton, with Desert Flower; Park & Tilford, with Woody Glen; Revlon, with Intimate.

If a one-track scent is what's wanted, there's Moroccan Rose, not as simple as you may think, by Tuvaché. On the other hand, if the woman involved reads *meaning* into names—there's Command Performance, from the halls of Helena Rubinstein; or Si—a one-syllable flash—from Schiaparelli.





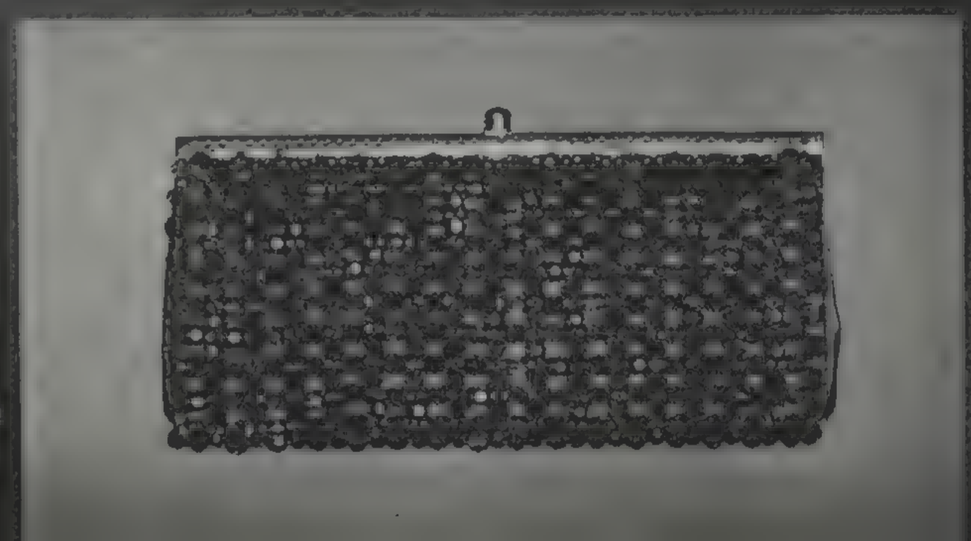
In Paris: bright yellow, bright pink, for evening

This page: Balenciaga's golden pheasant dress—bright yellow satin, with a skirt that plunges from above the knee in front to a floor-length train at the back, like the sweep of a pheasant's tail-feathers. Not a dress for "little" evenings—the bird it *doesn't* bring to mind is the jenny wren. In America at I. Magnin.
Facing page: Givenchy's flamingo dress—a great ball dress of flamingo-pink velvet, its skirt rising slightly at the front, dipping at the back, and deeply flounced. With it is sketched the magnificent necklace the mannequin wore when it was shown in Paris: a seven-strand cape of pearls, emeralds, and rubies, covering shoulders the dress leaves bare.



The don't-dress question: 5 shockproof answers

This kind of surprise should never happen: you, trailing bolts of chiffon; the rest of the room, tweed—wall to wall. To the rescue: the clothes on these four pages, guaranteed surpriseproof when the men are non-black-tie and the women are wearing ????. *Left:* Non-sleeved non-surprisable sheath that's a surprise in its own right—it's white mohair-and-wool; a silky black rose along for the evening. By Suzy Perette; $50. Albert Weiss earrings; French leather gloves. All: Bonwit Teller. Dress, also at Burdine's; Famous-Barr. Handbag in the picture—in almost any night picture—of gold caviar beads; from France. Saks Fifth Avenue. *Right:* Chiffon and sweaters—not to be intimidated by an evening that's overwhelmingly one or the other. Blond cashmere sweaters, bound in the black silk chiffon that makes the skirt. About $110. Hattie Carnegie hat-badge. Both, at Lord & Taylor. Costume, also at Woodward & Lothrop; I. Magnin. The evening handbag—from France, thickly paved with red beads; Saks Fifth Avenue.



SCHATZBERG



More don't-dress dressing

Far left: Navy-blue insurance policy against an evening that's shrouded in mystery. Among the allurements: a charming neckline, high-bowed waist, soft skirt, and—one that you might add yourself—a long silver fox stole. Larry Aldrich dress in Forstmann worsted; $100. Saks Fifth Avenue; Sakowitz. Natural Canadian silver fox stole, by Fredrica. This, also at Sakowitz. *Left:* Never-fail recipe for the woman with blond hair, blue eyes—pale-blue wool, with a wide crushed belt doing the figure work. By Adele Simpson in Anglo wool; about $110. Saks Fifth Avenue; Frost Bros. Albert Weiss earrings, also at Saks Fifth Avenue. *Right:* Impeccable escort for any of the four preceding—narrow black silk satin coat with a tall collar, the crisp dry surface of shantung. Hours covered: all the late ones—black-tie inc. About $275. Black-on-black Ingber handbag. Both: Bergdorf Goodman. Coat also at Wm. H. Block; Neiman-Marcus. Gloves, by Kislav.

SCHATZBERG



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The comfort of Christmas and less of that nonsense about its unbearable pressures. . . . *The Pleasure of His Company,* a comedy like an immense hunk of costume jewellery of no great value but marvellously effective; surrounding the big-stone shine of Cyril Ritchard are a number of large stones, including Cornelia Otis Skinner and Charlie Ruggles, as well as Dolores Hart, the prettiest young girl this season. . . . *The Moment of Bull,* the title that Maurice Dolbier, a critic on the New York *Herald Tribune,* would like to give to the next exuberance on bullfighting. . . . The European amazement at the knowledge and taste in the exhibition of French Drawings from American Collections. . . . The big, sumptuous mezzo-soprano voice of Giulietta Simionato.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The wit, the poetic youngness of the understated gouache paintings and drawings in the Priscilla Peck exhibition recently at the Bodley Gallery. . . . The detached cynicism, the elegance of *Mistress to an Age: A Life of Madame de Staël* by J. Christopher Herold, whose iced style is cooling to so flushed a woman. . . . The show of Fourteen American Masters hung in white, airy rooms, islanded with flowers and leaves until the Metropolitan Museum looks like a millionaire's greenhouse. . . . The ridiculous choice of canned music at the New York International Airport, where jet passengers hear *"Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life."* . . . *More in Anger,* a collection of sometimes amusing essays on American follies, decapitated by Marya Mannes, who is not finicky about blood.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Morris Sneakers, those small souped-up Morris Minor cars. . . . The skinny farce, *Once More, With Feeling,* plumped out with wonderfully funny lines, especially those given to Walter Matthau, Leon Belasco, and Arlene Francis. . . . The Boris Pasternak novel, *Doctor Zhivago,* which is like an enormous landscape with people "whose lives run parallel and close together but move at different speeds," until all are swept from the Russian Enlightenment to the Russian Revolution; "There is a great difference between the two periods," one of the characters said, adding, "Blok says somewhere: 'We, the children of Russia's terrible years.' Blok meant this in a metaphorical, figurative sense. The children were not the children but the sons, the heirs, the intelligentsia, and the terrors were not terrible, but sent from above, apocalyptic; that's quite different. Now the metaphorical has become literal, children are children, and the terrors are terrible, there you have the difference."

GENERAL LAURIS NORSTAD, HEAD OF NATO, WITH MRS. NORSTAD

An extraordinarily attractive couple, the Norstads live in the eye of an international hurricane, for the General is Supreme Allied Commander Europe, a position known more familiarly as SACEUR. (Among his predecessors at SHAPE were President Eisenhower and General Alfred Gruenther.) A thin whip of a man with small fine features in his tanned but tired face, the General has a notably brilliant mind, which in low speed is rumoured to go about one hundred fifty mental miles a minute. To list just the titles of his offices since graduation at West Point in 1930 takes about ten inches. Soon out of the cavalry and into the air, flying pursuit planes in Hawaii, young Lieutenant Norstad married blond, blue-eyed Isabelle Jenkins. A pretty woman with a kept figure and a bright mind, she has a sure knowledge of, among other matters, sewing. (Until she lived in Paris, she made her own clothes from Vogue Patterns.) Starting World War II as a colonel, Norstad eventually had a great deal to do with writing the unification act of the armed services, and with mapping out large sections of the aerial phases of three of the most important Allied assaults: the invasion of North Africa, the Sicilian and Italian invasions, and the B-29 raids, including the atomic attacks on Japan. Whenever released these days from the relentless round of military duties and diplomatic conferences and parties, the General likes to practise fly fishing with barbless hooks, to inspect the growth rate of corn in his summer garden, and above all to play golf. After he shot a hole-in-one last summer, he bought twenty-five dollars worth of champagne for his friends to drink to his accomplishment. He is, otherwise, a modest man.



A spangled evening, set in the shimmering green and gold and crystal prettiness of the newly done ballroom of the Hotel Astor, was the Astor Ball, where some of the young beauties of the city danced for the benefit of the Herald Tribune Fresh Air Fund.

Far left, Mrs. Thomas M. Bancroft, junior, and *left*, Miss Beatrice Ammidown.

Above, Mrs. Frederick A. Cushing.

Below, The Marquesa de Villaverde, the daughter of Generalissimo Francisco Franco of Spain.

DE MORGOLI



At the Astor Ball



Left, Mrs. Ogden R. Reid, and a hula-hoop. After a display of such nostalgic niceties as the Maxixe and the Turkey Trot, a group of dancers spun hoops.

Below, Mr. Edward M. McIlvain with Mrs. Manuel Quintana, *left*, and Mrs. Reinaldo Herrera, *right*.





Surprise light—from without

Opposite: *A surprise to paint on with your finger tips—new make-up that makes it possible to have your own portable version of that famous light that's known as flattering. Illumination is the name of this bottled glow, and it contains—besides the skin-beautifier, Tree of Life—ingredients that tend to diffuse light, casting the wearer in a soft, staying luminosity. In the nature of a light regulator, there's Illumination Powder, also a lipstick. Coiffure, by Michel. All: Helena Rubinstein. Other sources of light here: the Russian Imperial Easter Egg, made by Fabergé. At A la Vieille Russie. Green-and-white incandescence: a superb lacy collar of square-cut emeralds and round diamonds, an emerald and diamond ring. From Harry Winston.*

RAWLINGS





Moving in a crush of elegance, the guests of the Countess Volpi di Misurata, in her magnificent Venetian palace, spilled through the damask-hung music room, the long gallery, and finally into the ballroom, forested with gardenias. Many, too, drifted onto the balconies, which—a final perfection—overhang the Grand Canal. Here, some of the young dancers.

WANDA GAWRONSKA





Above, Count Henri de Beaumont and Donna Simonetta Fabiani.

At the Venice Ball

Top left, Madame Gaea Pallavicini between Baron Rodolfo Parisi, *left*, and Count Giovanni Volpi, *right*, the hostess' son.



Above, Donna Maria di Niscemi.

Right, in foreground, Prince Nicolò and Princess Luciana Pignatelli.



Above, Count Guido Brandolini, with Countess Consuelo Crespi.



A Main Event *left*

This look, ruby-red satin pyramided on satin, was one of the shining events of the Mainbocher collection—would be that anywhere. Specifically, it's this: a high-waisted dress, quite bare; three-quarter coat; both, pleated at back over a memorable avalanche of fullness. In silk satin; to order, Mainbocher. Worn with diamonds from Harry Winston.

KAREN RADKAI

The wedding of Miss Doon Plunket and the Earl Granville



The choir leaving St. James's Palace for Marlborough House Chapel.



Earl and Countess Granville after the ceremony

Prince Georg of Denmark





PHOTOGRAPHED BY TONY ARMSTRONG JONES, ESPECIALLY FOR VOGUE



In the small perfection of the Queen's Chapel at Marlborough House, Miss Doon Plunket was wed to the Earl Granville; his mother, the Dowager Countess Granville, is a sister of H.M. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, who was among the guests. The bride, a daughter of Mrs. Valerian Stux-Rybar and the late Honourable Brinsley Plunket, wore ivory satin by Balmain; her pale hair was pulled into a chignon; her bouquet was an armful of lilies. Lent by H.M. Queen Elizabeth II, the chapel, designed by Inigo Jones for the Queen of Charles I, was a bloom of white flowers against white, grey-green, and gold. *Above*, Lord and Lady Granville leaving for the reception at St. James's Palace.



Three tiers of wedding cake,
crowned with carnations.

The Plunket-Granville wedding *continued*

In the red and gilded state rooms of St. James's Palace, Lord and Lady Granville received eight hundred guests who streamed up the great double staircase, past enormous islands of flowers, and, finally, into the plum, white, and gold throne room. (Originally the work of Christopher Wren and Grinling Gibbons, the state rooms were restored by John Nash who gilded them so exuberantly that George IV, complaining, moved into the then unfinished Buckingham Palace.) A delightful party, the reception was sprinkled with children, among them the bride's two attendants, four-year-old Fiona Morrison in sashed white organza, and the six-year-old page Kevin de Las Casas, who wore a blue satin doublet. A nephew of Lady Granville, he was, directly after the ceremony, a gift to the photographers when he tangled himself in the bride's tulle train.

H. M. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, in pale blue and her wonderful pearls, with her nephew, Lord Granville



The bride with her page, Kevin de Las Casas



Mrs. Valerian Stux-Rybar, the bride's mother, in a champagne-coloured dress and pearls.



Countess Jellicoe and the Honourable Colin Tennant



Mrs. Michael Maclean, the bride's sister, and Mr. Gay Kindersley



Prince and Princess Sadruddin Khan

Lord and Lady Granville leaving for Canada and bear hunting



Christmas presents

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The great Colette wrote this article and eleven others for French Vogue, thirty-four years ago. We republish it now, the third in our series. In this country, Farrar, Straus & Cudahy is presenting the full body of Colette works, newly translated.*

BY COLETTE

Those two words, *Christmas Presents*, though they often evoke feelings of worry rather than of expectation, still shine like hoarfrost above a darkened doorway that is about to open. . . . But let's be honest: we who give but are no longer apt to receive presents, we, the parents, we, the tried old friends, we are shaken by an annual wave of anxiety and doubt. And with reason. The least demanding, the youngest of our wards, may limit his desires to wanting only a bicycle. Ours is a troubled epoch. A lisping babe covets a camera. "You know, my little motorcar seems to be a long while coming," says one about to make her first communion. "What do you want me to give you?" a godfather asked his goddaughter, aged eight. She fixed him with her shining blue eyes, that have just freshly discovered the world about her, and said with great directness and simplicity, "New bedroom furniture. Mine is used up."

I know parents who sigh, troubled by offspring who at ten want furs; at twelve, an automobile; and at fifteen, a little string of pearls. Sternly we ask ourselves what is responsible for this precocious maturity that seems almost perverted. "In *our* day . . ."

I incline my head politely. But I don't know anything about *their* day, nor do they know about mine. I do know that for me New Year's did not mean "presents, visits, shops, tepid good wishes, and empty pockets."

They were almost empty, the hands and pockets of those who brought me so much that was fine and generous. But they accomplished miracles. The earliest streak of dawn was no sooner throwing its rosy light along the smooth snow on January first, than the hundred pounds of bread due the poor would be cooling in our tiled kitchen, in the house where I was born, and the hundred copper coins would be jingling in their basket. A loaf of bread, a small coin, and the poor of that day, modest in their wishes, would go away content, calling me by my nickname. Standing there solemnly in my sabots, I would distribute the loaves of bread, the heavy sous. I could smell the appetizing odour of fresh bread on my hands. Stealthily I licked the feathery flour from the top of a big, round, crusty loaf. Always the smell of fresh bread brings back to my mind the sound of roosters crowing at dawn on a winter day and the tap and beat of the village drum going by the steps of our house, calling to my father.

How heart-warming still is the memory of that wintry fête, with no presents except a few candies, some snow-capped oranges, a book. . . . On New Year's Eve, the traditional fruitcake, served around ten o'clock, with a steaming rum and apricot sauce, and a cup of fragrant China tea, saw the New Year in. A fire crackling and dancing, a few books, the snores of our sleeping dogs, not many words. . . . From what deep wells came our hearts' joy? And how to convey any idea of that quiet content, that slow-burning happiness, to the children of today? What has made them greedy and blasé as they are? Modern life, this rough epoch, and we ourselves. We ourselves, for our guilt dates from our first neglect, from that initial feeling of guilt that deep in us says, "At the moment that you owed your child your presence, your advice, your intelligent help, you covered up your failure and neglect by a gift, when what you should have given was yourself. And then you did it again and again."

It's a cheap way of making ourselves feel superior to the younger generation, just to shake our heads and declare, "At the age of these children, we were happy with anything, with the same old fruitcake, the same little old tree, and with a naïve ritual of greetings and good wishes, also all the same."

Yes, always the same. Who wanted any change? A child fears, both out of sentiment and the theory of waste effort, anything that menaces a definite memory, or an image that the mind keeps implacably untouched, in fixed and cherished detail. In the annual, raisin-speckled cake, didn't my tongue always seek the exact taste of last year's cake? Don't I call to the aid of my gustatory powers even the unchanging colour of the rug and the lamp shades, the whining sound of the winter wind under the door, the smell of the fine new book in its fresh, new leather binding?

The joys of the five senses! Such delights, called pagan, can create a kind of domestic religion, and the soul is warmed by a tiny flame, if the little flame endures at all. As a setting for your faces, oh, parents, that children always see as ageless, choose a Christmas décor for your stumbling young ones, a décor that time will not mar. It matters not at all that pomp is not part of the picture. But the lights for the fête must be the traditional ones, along with the flowers or the holly; and the words spoken must be such that they will bring back to mind all the rest of the year, the memory of Christmas Day or New Year's Eve. It isn't only to old people that the invisible and relentless march of time seems poignant. A child's emotion, when some detail from his short past flashes back, is neither one of surprise nor one of wonder. He holds dear what he knows, he prefers what he can recognize, and he sings about it inside himself, to a beat of spontaneous poetry.

A lot of crafty, cold-blooded diplomacy and circumspection, it seems, goes into trying to surprise our youngsters who are, in the present fashion, bored and scornful of ordinary offerings. It is madness to try to please them by overwhelming them. The attempt to curb all this, to return to a simple, delicate concept of the holidays and anniversaries, is a noble task. We are penitent teachers. We still can't lose sight of the fact that such a gymnastic exercise in sentiment, like all gymnastic exercises, benefits the teachers quite as much as the pupils.

TRANSLATED BY ROSEMARY BENÉT.

How to play the game of talk

BY JOYCE GRENFELL

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Joyce Grenfell, who lives in London, has been in New York twice in recent years with a small revue, a cosy evening of her own monologues and skits. The knock-kneed games mistress in the film,* The Belles of St. Trinian's, *the deaf hotelkeeper in* Genevieve, *Mrs. Grenfell is, actually, a handsome woman, who looks like a sketch by her uncle, Charles Dana Gibson. A longer version of this article appeared in England in* The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Good Taste. *Vogue published "Overheards," an article by Mrs. Grenfell, in the October 1, 1955 issue.*

There was once a young man who lived in an age when dining out had rigid rules and the hostess conducted her guests from her end of the table with the iron control of a Toscanini. Silence was an offense. Finding the right topic to engage a partner could take time, so the young man invented an opening gambit for himself. "Do you," he would ask them over his high evening collar, "do you like string?"

The ones who said, "It depends what *kind* of string" brought an element of hope to his heart. Clearly they had imagination and were ready to enjoy the game. The ones who said, "Forgive me, did you say *string?*" were conventional. The ones who said, "Not very much," were a little baffling, for they might be playing the game already or, sad thought, they could be stating a fact.

Young women, coached by their mothers, were taught how to keep light chatter spinning in the air like jugglers' coloured plates. Topics of interest were sought until the conversation took on a life of its own and grew by itself. One useful little tip was this: Never answer a question, other than an offer of marriage, by saying Yes or No. Say "No . . . but" and go on from there, or "Yes . . . and" and add an additional thought. Thus: "Do you like music?" "No . . . but I'm fond of cooking, are you?" To help conversation along you must leave little life lines for your partner to grab hold of.

Today things are less ordered, but even now there are occasions when conversation has to be *made*, and it is for these occasions that one needs practice and some wise advice. It is no good listening to the sort of pearl that suggests that you "Don't speak unless you have something worth saying," for the chances are, if you are at all critical, that you will never open your mouth again.

In my circle conversation doesn't seem to be much of a problem. The difficulty is to get a word in at all. We all lead what are known as full lives and we all have opinions and prejudices, and, although we try to hide the latter and suppress the former, they break out and talk is certainly continuous and lively, what one can hear of it. I suppose what we do is not really conversing, although *Chambers's* says that to converse is to "talk familiarly," and we certainly do that. I always thought conversation meant the exchange of ideas courteously expressed in congenial surroundings; views evenly stated, moving in distinct directions, revealing personality, shedding light, and edifying everybody concerned. Come to think of it, I don't believe I have ever heard any conversation. Talk, yes, whizzing off in all directions flashing light, exposing personality, and amusing the company. But conversation?

When it has been my privilege to listen to the famous and gigantic talk, they have never said anything I can afterwards remember. Perhaps the determination to remember deafens one from taking in anything being said? Bringing the great back to their subject is not always easy.

"Do go on about Disraeli. You were talking about Disraeli."

"Was I? I think I talk too much. Have another bun."

"No, thank you. Do you think he influenced the situation at that time?"

"I must get someone to come and do something about that lamp. It's been groggy for some time. Do you know of a good mender? There used to be a man in the Fulham Road who mended chairs remarkably well. How is your father these days? Still living in Hans Place?"

"No, he left there in 1934, actually. Are you working on another book? I loved the last one."

"Good. Now then, how about another bun?"

To get right down to it: what is conversation for? If talk is for communication, often pleasurable, then conversation is primarily for social life, and the making of it serves as a sort of oil to start the wheels of social occasions going round.

"Have you seen the Mussiters lately?"

"No, they have moved to Huddersfield and, of course, Moira took the London job, so they miss her very much."

"Dear Moira. I wish I saw more of her, but one doesn't like to pursue people."

"No, though I think Moira is fairly free in the evenings and at weekends."

"Oh."

"Alfred said he saw her at the Tate one Sunday quite alone in that room with the Francis Bacon paintings, looking very wan."

"Poor Moira. One must do something for her . . . if only one knew what."

That may have started some sort of slow-moving wheel, I suppose, and it certainly revealed character.

So far extrasensory percep- *(Continued on page 152)*



$125 MARY CASSATT: "Toilette"; etching. By a superb American painter who studied with Degas; her works are in many collections and museums. Matted, 18" x 21¼". New Art Center.



$300 EGYPTIAN PORTRAIT PANEL: painted wood. Carved about 300 B.C., this face has great power. Mounted on dark velvet; 11½" x 14"; face alone, 7" x 7½". Mathias Komor.

MORE ART THAN MONEY

In this Vogue annual are twenty-three works of art, all from New York Galleries. The artists, some famous, some unknown, are from twelve countries. The price bridge: $40 to $600. The time bridge: 300 B.C. to 1958.



$600 GERMAINE RICHIER: "Modiste"; bronze doré, *right*. This unique 1957 figure is the work of a Frenchwoman, one of Europe's greatest living sculptors. With black stone stand, 8¼". Martha Jackson Gallery.

$500 JEAN ARP: brass sculpture, to hang on a wall, *left*. Seventy-year-old Arp has world renown, was the subject of a recent diverse exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art. 11¾" x 9¼". Saidenberg Gallery.





$300 ANDRÉ BAUCHANT: oil, *above*. By a French painter, now eighty-five, with work in many collections and museums. With wood frame, 24½" x 21½". Perls.

$210 MICHAEL GOLDBERG: "Color-fall"; oil on paper, *right*. By a thirty-four-year-old American with some recognition. Framed, 22¾" x 27¾". Martha Jackson.







$275 WILLIAM SCOTT: "Many Table Forms"; gouache, *above*. By a famous English painter whose work is in museums, collections, all over the world. With gilded wood frame, 30⅝" x 22". Martha Jackson Gallery.



$240 WILLIAM BAZIOTES: water colour, *right*. By a well-known American whose work is in many major museums, including New York's Metropolitan. With narrow gilded wood frame, 18¾" x 23¾". Kootz Gallery.

$225 EGYPTO-ROMAN GOD: glazed faïence, *above*. Monumental in effect, this small figure of Anubis, the jackal-headed god; 1st or 2nd century. 4⅜" high. J. J. Klejman Gallery.



$250 CHINESE HEAD OF HORSE: terra cotta, *above*. Han Dynasty (206 B.C.-220 A.D.). Rare head, about 5" without stand; 7" with stand. Mathias Komor.

$350 GUÉN: oil on paper, *left*. By a Japanese painter, guided by Matisse in the thirties. Wood frame, 28⅝" x 38⅜". Willard Gallery.

$200 WILLIAM RONALD: water colour, *above*. By a young Canadian, a winner in the 1956 Guggenheim International. 30" x 22". Kootz Gallery.

$40 JACQUES VILLON: "Man Running"; colour lithograph, *right*. By an important living French colourist. Matted, 25⅛"x19". New Art Center.





$250 RENATO BIROLLI: oil, *below*. By famous Italian painter, many works at Venice Biennale. With gilded frame, 10⅝" x 14½". Viviano.



$300 "TANAGRA" VENUS: terra cotta, *above*. A figure, from Magna Graecia, about 3rd century B.C. 14½" with wooden stand. Komor.

$135 MARC CHAGALL: "Le Carrousel"; lithograph, signed, *left*. By a master and noted lithographer. Matted, 20⅞" x 25". New Art Center.



MORE ART THAN MONEY

continued





$140 PRE-COLUMBIAN HEAD: terra cotta. "Smiling face" from the Vera Cruz district of Mexico; about 800 A.D. With stand, 9". Mathias Komor.



$120 JEAN FORAIN: colour crayon sketch, *above*, formerly in the collection of the great art dealer, Vollard. With frame, 22" x 17¼". Mathias Komor.

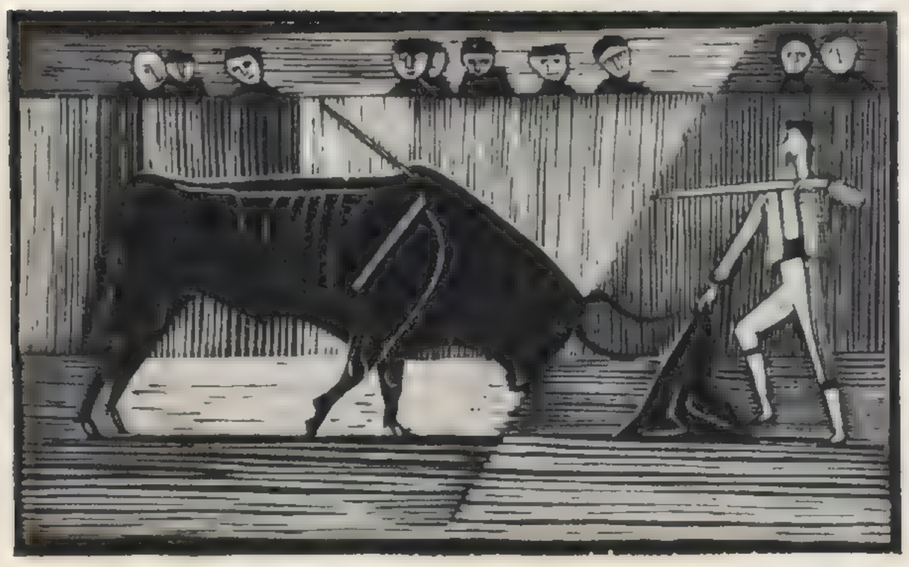


$125 ETRUSCAN HERCULES: bronze, *above*. Fine greenish patina. From 6th century B.C. With black base, 3½". J. J. Klejman.



$290 TADASHI SATO: "Oceanic Composition"; oil, *above*. By a young American. With wood frame, 30" x 24⅞". Willard Gallery.

$40 GERHARD MARCKS: "Bullfight"; woodcut, *below*. By an important German sculptor, famous for his animals. With frame, 22" x 16". Fine Arts.



$250 PAUL KLEE: colour lithograph, *right*. By the brilliant Swiss fantasist. With thick wood frame, 13⅛" x 16⅝". Saiderberg Gallery.



$223 MARIO NEGRI: an Italian sculptor, given whole room at the 1958 Venice Biennale. With turntable, 10⅞". Grace Borgenicht.

What makes opera *GRAND?*

BY LEONARD BERNSTEIN

EDITOR'S NOTE: *After Leonard Bernstein gave this talk about opera on an "Omnibus" TV program last winter, John Crosby called him "a national asset." (In this do-it-yourself version of that talk, records sit in for live music.) Among Mr. Bernstein's multifaceted talents as composer, conductor, pianist, there is another: he is a superb teacher, amusing while making the complicated clear. Now fifteen years after he substituted suddenly for the great conductor, Bruno Walter, in a concert with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, he has become the Philharmonic's permanent conductor, a post to which he has brought the scholarship, the musicianship, and the same Bernstein bounce and invention he has brought to his other undertakings. These undertakings include his symphonies and the scores of such Bernstein musical comedies as* Wonderful Town, Candide, *and* West Side Story. *This is the third Bernstein-Omnibus script published in Vogue.*

Here we are all alone in an empty opera house—the great Metropolitan of New York. It's absolutely bare—stripped of its glamour, its opulence; and there are no first-nighters in white ties, and furs, and diamonds; no standees screaming "*Brava, divina!*"; there are no Egyptian temples, Spanish fortresses, or bull rings on this stage; there are only Met singers and the Met orchestra. We are going to put a microscope on opera—on grand opera—and try to find out what it is that makes it grand.

Grand? What an odd word. What does it mean? Well, to most people it means just that glamour, that opulence, those furs, and diamonds. It means a high-toned enterprise, for the very few. But oh, how wrong this is! As a matter of fact, opera is for the many, and has always been. It is, first and foremost, a popular art, a more popular form of theatre, and this is because it is emotionally so direct.

There is no way in all theatre of making the simple statement "I love you" so directly and strongly as having a tenor come right down to the footlights and belt out "*Je t'aime!*" It is of a monolithic simplicity; the basic human emotions are pin-pointed and magnified way beyond life-size, so that you can't miss them; and each emotion comes at you gigantically, in a clear, direct, uncluttered, full-blown way.

For example, let's take a basic human emotion—love. Where else in all theatre can you find love so grandly isolated and amplified as in the love duet from *Tristan and Isolde?* Now that's as passionate as anyone can get, within the bounds of decency. No statement of that white-hot flame has equalled Wagner's statement of it in sheer magnitude.

The magnitude of this greatest of all love duets does not stem only from its length. It is also enormous in its expressive power, its scope, its variety. The music ranges all the way from the most intimate murmurings:

"So stürben wir, um ungetrennt,
ewig, einig, ohne End' ";

through serene lyric passages; to breathless questioning:

"Bist du mein?
Hab' ich dich wieder?
Darf ich dich fassen?
Kann ich mir trauen?";

to transported phrases where the lovers overlap each other's phrases in their almost delirious impatience until, finally, it reaches that unbelievable passage of ascending sequences, where it seems that there is no limit to how high this passion can soar.

It's wild, it embraces the whole range of love.

Now, one of the chief reasons for that tremendously direct power of opera is that it is *sung*. That fact may seem childishly obvious; but it acquires great significance when you consider that of all the different instruments in this vast, heterogeneous collection called an orchestra, there is none that can compete in any way with the sublime expressiveness of the human voice. It is the greatest instrument there is. When a fine voice, or several, or many together, carry the weight of a drama, there is nothing in all theatre to compare with it for sheer immediacy of impact. Think of the emotion of jealousy, for instance, as it is operatized in the last act of *Carmen:*

"Pour la dernière fois, démon,
Veux-tu me suivre? Non, non!"

Act IV, Scene 2; Stevens-Peerce-Reiner, 3-Vic. LM-6102

That's jealousy in spades.

Take the exaltation of Strauss's Salome as she sings her evil satisfaction after kissing the decapitated head of John the Baptist:



"Ah! ich habe deinen Mund geküsst, Jochanaan.
Ah! ich habe ihn geküsst, deinen Mund,
Es war ein bitterer Geschmack auf deinen
Lippen."

End of Scene 4; Borkh-Krips, Lon. 5261

We are left crawling with evil. Now, all these primary emotions are not merely presented to us; they are hurled at us. You see, music is something terribly special. It doesn't have to pass through the censor of the brain before it can reach the heart; it goes directly to the heart. You don't have to screen it, as you do words in a play. An F-flat doesn't have to be considered in the mind; it is a direct hit, and, therefore, all the more powerful. Of course, in a play where there are only words to listen to there is more chance for subtlety, and maybe profundity of ideas; there is more time to bandy words about, more chance to examine and re-examine, rationalize and justify, as, for instance, in *Othello* when Iago says:

"That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;
That she loves him, 'tis apt and of great
credit;
The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;
And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too,
Not out of absolute lust, though peradventure
I stand accountant for as great a sin,
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought
whereof
Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my
inwards;
And nothing can or shall content my soul
Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife;
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgment can not cure. Which thing
to do . . ."

Can you imagine all these words set to music? Never! They are too rational, too dependent on the mind for their appeal. In the book of an opera, or the libretto, there is no time for all this ratiocination. In opera, the music expands the text to such a degree that the words must be almost rudimentary in their function; the characters must be boldly carved, uncomplicated and easy to recognize.

In other words, the operatic Iago has got to be either a good guy or a bad guy, and no shilly-shallying. So that when Shakespeare's play, *Othello*, becomes Verdi's opera, *Otello*, Iago becomes a plain, old-fashioned villain. No mystery about him, no complex motivations, no excuses. He is evil, he knows it, and he lets us know it—smack in the face.

"Credo!" Iago shouts, "I believe in a cruel God who made me in his image. I believe that man is vile; and I am a man. I believe that man dies after all his folly, and that after death there is nothing. Heaven is a lie!"

Act II, Scene 2; Tebaldi-Del Monaco-Erede, 3-Lon. A-4312

So far we have had a glimpse into various bits and kinds of opera, and in every case we have found the same thing to be true: opera is big—bigger than spoken theatre, bigger than life. And what makes it bigger? Music, sung music.

Now just how is it that music does this? We're going to find out by taking the entire third act of Puccini's *La Bohème*

(*Continued on page 157*)

The bathing-suit scene—set in December





We've said it before, and it's worth repeating: the bathing suit that goes down to the sea in December (southern waters, please) is the best advance-reading you can have on next summer's bathing-suit situation. Also worth restating: few things do as much for a figure or a sun tan as a black bathing suit . . . unless it's a white one. *Left:* Black knitted swimming sheath—lots of coverage at the front, very little at the back. By Rose Marie Reid in elasticized acetate. About $23. At Altman's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Straw beach fedora, by Gobbi. *Above:* White version of the sheath idea, with a bit of skirt—in celebration of be-kind-to-thighs week. By Jantzen made of textured matelassé. The ingredients: cotton and Celaperm acetate woven with Lastex. Bathing suit, about $17, at Lord & Taylor; Frederick & Nelson. *Right:* Black and white jacquard-knitted maillot, laced up the back. Further good news: the fabric—dries almost as fast as you can say Helanca nylon yarn. By Cole of California; $17. Henri Bendel; Bullock's, Pasadena. The silo-crowned straw beach hat, from Henri Bendel.



SCHATZBERG

This page: Above, knitted black maillot for the woman who counts—among other blessings—a beautiful back. On the lee side of the audience: a high belt. By Catalina, of Orlon-and-Lastex; $20. At Best & Co.; Younker's. Right: White one-piece dressmaker suit that's about as kind as they come but not a hideout for serious figure problems. This, by Roxanne, ties around the waist, ends in soft little shorts. Of Fabulastic (elasticized acetate and cotton) by Ansonia; about $15. Altman's; Burdine's. *Facing page:* Left, one of the best figures in tank suits—for the woman who can be described in the same way. Black nylon knitted with Lastex; the straps, jet-buttoned. By Caltex; about $30. Henri Bendel; Neiman-Marcus. Right: The news of fabric with a patent-leather gloss plus the real thing belted around the waist; boy shorts. One-piece bathing suit by Elon, of Lastex woven with Lurex threads. About $35. From Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus. The straw beach hats on both pages by Gobbi.



SCHATZBERG



The bathing-suit scene *continued*



VOGUE PATTERNS

Dress supply for the small parties

For the woman with a little seamstress hidden away (or a hidden talent for lickety-split couture)—two little dresses that could alternate at most of the small holiday parties, scheduled and unscheduled.

Left: Brocade dress of navy-blue and green silk with a very simple plot really—an overblouse, skirt, and a second full-length skirt not shown. (Making *two* skirts, reduces holiday fashion hazards to nil.) Onondaga silk. Vogue Pattern S-4932. Dinner hat by Adolfo of Emme. Beaded bag: Saks Fifth Avenue.

Right: Fascinating shape: jibbed bolero cut in one piece with the dress, tied under the bosom lightly. The colour of the Lesur wool-and-rabbit's hair fabric is a fine deep grape shade nice to think of coming in under an unexpected coat-colour. Vogue Pattern 1430—from a Paris Collection design by Guy Laroche. Madcaps hat centred with rhinestones (Albert Weiss pin). Both pages: lambskin gloves by Kislav; shoes by Evins.

Other pattern details, other views, page 167.

VOGUE PATTERN S-4932



SCHATZBERG

VOGUE PATTERN 1430



Stream of Christmasness

Starting here, a running account of Christmas present suggestions that are new or special, this year. In some cases, New York shops are cited; most of the things mentioned are available, or orderable. in principal cities throughout the United States.

For the travellingest person you know, a transistor *clock*-radio, that plays for 400 hours, keeps time (and wakes up) for three years—all on one set of batteries. . . . A gift certificate redeemable at a portrait artist's studio, where the recipient's portrait can be sketched or painted in oils. . . . Training skis for a newcomer to the slopes, from Sig Buchmayr, New York. These are mounted on rubber-tired wheels, and used for practice where there *isn't* snow; $85 a pair. . . . One of the new portable Waring Blendors, perhaps, for someone with an extra house. . . . Pale-blue sheets of Irish linen. . . . A scrapbook for aunt or grandmother, filled with recent pictures of the family, clippings, souvenirs (to be started this minute—it takes time to assemble). . . . For any woman, soft doeskin gloves, 16-button length, in the very smart new evening shade of palest mocha. About $17 at Bonwit Teller, and worth every cent. . . . One (or several) from Tiffany's assortment of unusual and handsome solid gold pins, all happily priced well below tiara-level. . . . A sterling silver double jigger that apportions one full ounce at one end, one-half ounce at the other. . . . Books—and this category might easily dissolve half the names on a present-list. Recent and marvellous: *Heads and Figures and Ideas,* by the British sculptor, Henry Moore, published by the New York Graphic Society; *Living Birds of the World,* by E. Thomas Gilliard; *Masters of Photography,* by Beaumont and Nancy Newhall; *My Life in Art,* Ludwig Bemelmans' charming text and sketches, the latter in full colour; *The Most of S. J. Perelman,* by himself, including a chapter called "Methinks He Doth Protein too Much"—a wistful and wacky bit about an edible lady; *Flemish Painting,* from Bosch to Rubens, published in two magnificent volumes by Skira, with the famous Skira treatment of colour plates. . . . New lighting for a woman's dressing table. . . . Wide silk belts

(*Continued on page 150*)



JOHN STEWART

WIZARD PRESENT, *left,* for any woman you know—and conceivably for yourself (it would be so nice to have *before* Christmas). At-home sheath in orange mohair, loosely sleeved, with an un-clutching turtle neck, a faintly *djellabah* feeling. Designed by Lisa Fonssagrives; worn here by Miss Fonssagrives in her own workroom. $90 at Lord & Taylor.

COMPACT TIE-UP, *right.* Beauty present here—a squarish compact with built-in wrapping, done in two textures of gold-coloured metal. A line-for-line copy of a solid gold $1,000 compact; the cost here—$10, including a pressed powder filler (and tax). By Helena Rubinstein, who discovered the original in Paris, carries it herself. At Saks Fifth Avenue.

FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN-GILL

FRANCES McLAUGHLIN-GILL







Bright young clothes-plan with transcontinental ideas



A débutante used to be a girl who danced until breakfast-time, breakfasted at tea-time, and did very little of anything the rest of the time. Now, that concept—and that girl—have vanished. What we have instead is the débutante-college girl, who has breakfast quite early, turns up for classes, and does most of her dancing on weekends and holidays. A refreshing example of all this is Kati Tremaine, shown on both these pages, a pretty eighteen-year-old with butter-blond hair, dark-blue eyes, and a handspan waist, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Tremaine of Santa Barbara, California. A freshman at Briarcliff College in New York this year, she will make her début in Santa Barbara during the Christmas holidays, at a dinner-dance given by her parents on December 27. That evening, she will wear the white peau de soie ball dress in which she is photographed, opposite. For the Débutante Ball on December 23 at the Coral Casino, an annual benefit party for the Music Academy of the West, she will wear another ball dress (not shown), of white satin. The rest of her wardrobe involves short dancing dresses, like the two shown above; afternoon or late-day dresses, like the one at centre; and a great many good-looking shirts, skirts, and sweaters—all, equally useful in Miss Tremaine's East Coast and West Coast life. (The outfit, right, might come in handy for shuttling by plane between the two.)

Facing page: Miss Tremaine's ball dress—white peau de soie with a tucked bodice, designed by Cahill.

This page, upper left: Short evening dress in bright-pink pure silk chiffon with a crushed cummerbund, a floating stole (this, anchored at one side). In junior sizes; $55. Bonwit Teller.

Upper right: For gaieties that don't require a full-length ball dress, this short one—strapless, white, in silk peau d'ange. With it, a rustly red silk stole. By Edward Abbott; $135. Saks Fifth Avenue.

Centre: Perfect dress for late-day, little dinners, on either coast—black basket-weave wool, high-waisted, sleeveless; low, squared neckline at back. By Jerry Greenwald, in junior sizes. $40. Lord & Taylor.

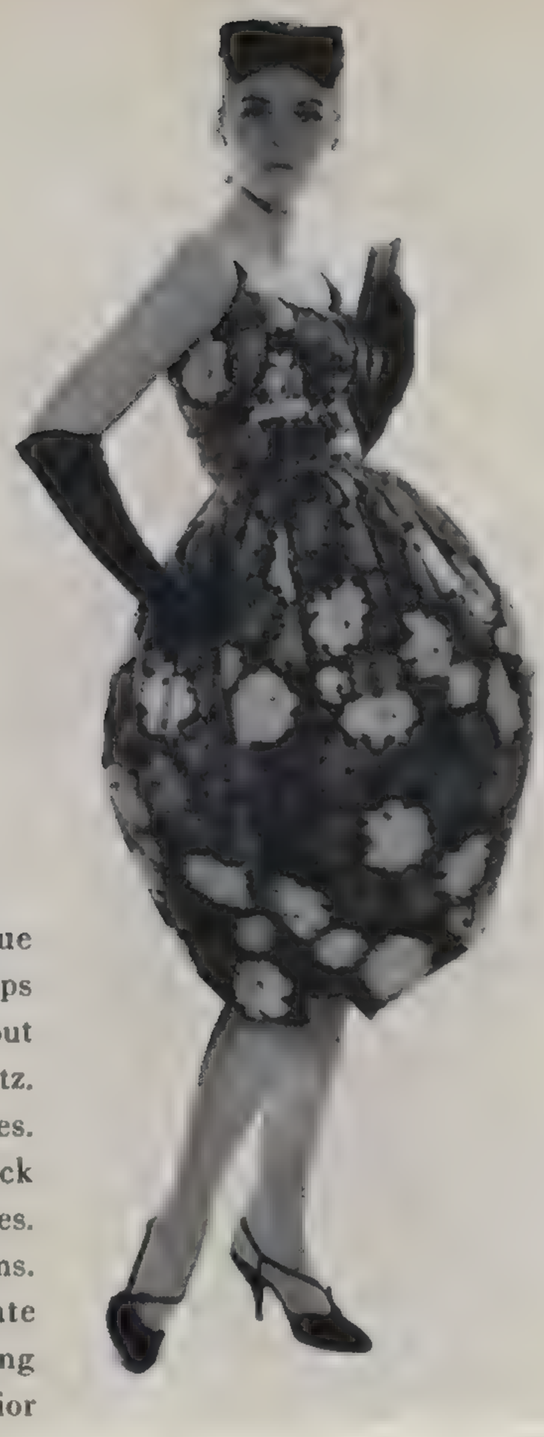
Right: Beige tweed dress in wool-and-mohair, wide-belted, sleeved; pearly buttons. By Mr. Mort. $55. Bloomingdale's. Over it, double-breasted coat in light-beige fleecy wool. By Petite Miss, $110. Altman's.





SANTE FORLANO





Facing page, a crisp little dinner dress in bright blue rayon-and-acetate moire with a bateau neckline that dips at the back. In junior sizes. By Jonny Herbert; about $35 at Bonwit Teller; Woodward & Lothrop; Sakowitz. Jewelled bib: Lilly Daché Boutique. Nick Parker shoes. *Upper left,* sleeveless overblouse and bell skirt of black rayon ottoman—for biggish little evenings. Junior sizes. By Jo Collins; $26 at Peck & Peck. Shoes by Gamins. *Upper right,* an orange and black rayon-and-acetate print with a bateau neckline, a balloon skirt, shoestring straps. The shoestring price involved here, $30. Junior sizes. By Ellen Kaye, at Jay Thorpe. Newton Elkin shoes. *Lower left,* red roses on a deep-green silk chiffon sheath. By Elaine Terry, $30 at Bloomingdale's. Palizzio shoes. *Lower right,* jet embroidery on the bodice of a Récamier sheath in white acetate satin. Junior sizes. $50. At Franklin Simon. Pappagallo shoes. All the gloves on both pages—of black or white capeskin, by Superb.



Good buys for evening—prices décolleté

New faces:

JOHN STEWART

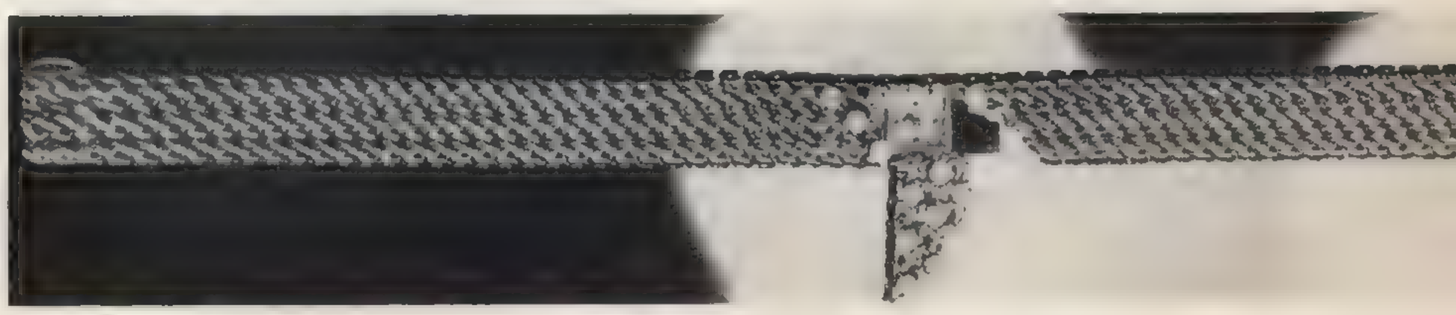
Late-day watch in a new oval shape, 14-k. gold, circled with 20 diamonds; gold mesh bracelet. By Omega; $500 at Altman's. Two gold rings, emerald-tipped, from Cartier.



Oval Swiss watch with patterned mesh bracelet; all, 14-k. gold. By Movado; $385 at Black, Starr & Gorham.



For evening, a tiny watch under a sliding spatter of diamonds; a bracelet of gold chain. By Le Coultre; $1,900* at Tourneau.



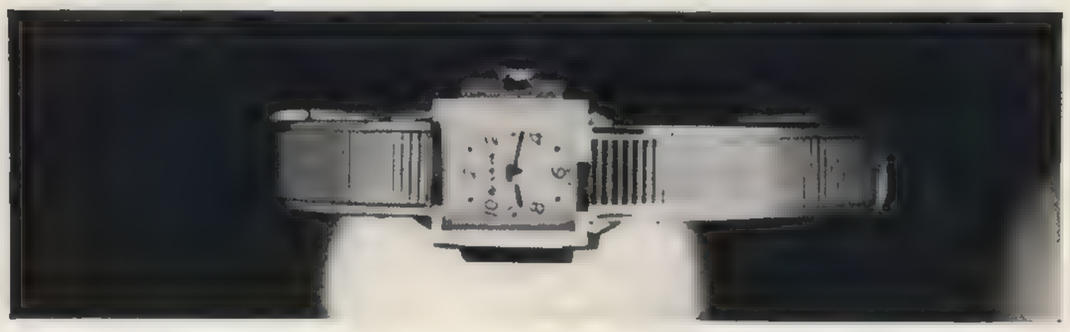
Christmas time



Swiss purse watch with new smallness (1½″ long); sliding-door case of black alligator, gilt. By Movado; $150 at Tiffany.



Watch for a young girl: cuff-braceleted in gold-coloured metal with a pattern of bevelled stripes. This, by Sheffield; $20* at Best & Co.



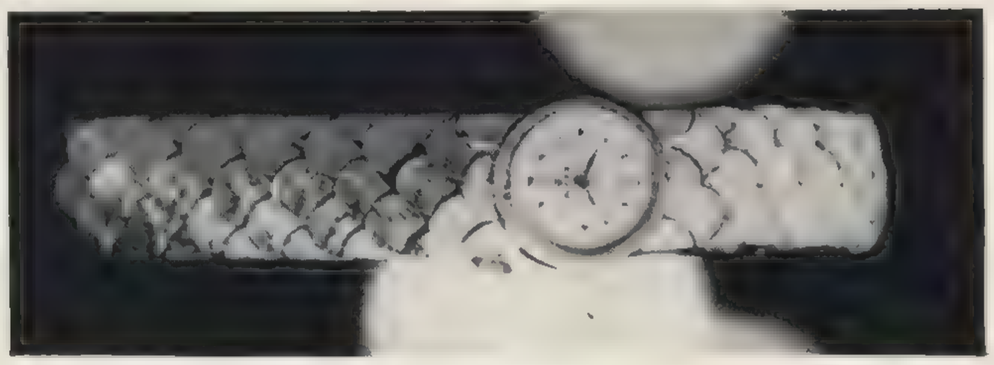
Good-buy watch of 10-k. gold on a gold-filled bangle bracelet. By Bulova; $65. From Altman's.



Country woman's watch: a 14-k. gold rectangle, on a strap of honey-coloured alligator. By Hamilton; $125 at Saks Fifth Avenue.



Clean-faced oval watch of 14-k. gold, on strap of black silk cord. A Lady Elgin; $75 at Tourneau.



The news here: brushed gold making a round watch and flexible goldfish-scale bracelet. By American Rolex; $475 at C. D. Peacock; Linz.

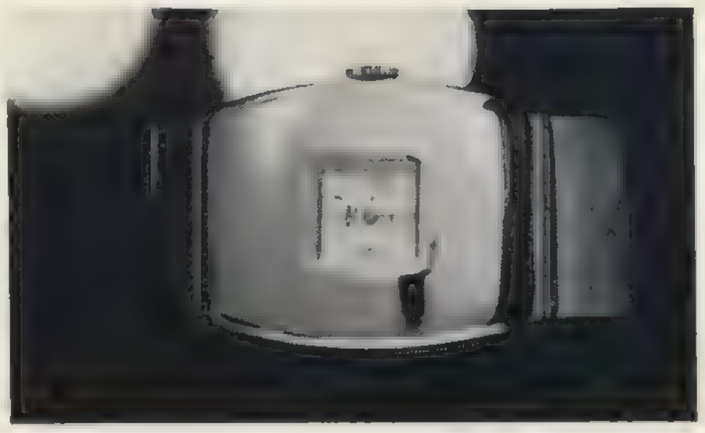


Little round watch flanked by chevrons—all of 18-k. gold. The strap, black suède. By Zenith; $295 at Ross-Pennell.



Paris influence here: a gold mesh bracelet, gathered to meet a Swiss watch. By Longines; $325. Tourneau.





Cuff bracelet of gold-coloured aluminum, bewatched squarely in the top. By Medana; $20* at Bergdorf Goodman.

*PLUS TAX

GOSSIPY MEMO ON TRAVEL: ALL CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

A PRESENT OF A CURE: Since 800 B.C., radioactive springs have been steaming on the pistachio-green island of Ischia in the Gulf of Naples. There, the Regina Isabella, one of the smartest European spa hotels, has its own pink-and-white pavilion for medically supervised thermal baths, sprays, inhalations, clay packs, massage; and, for women, thoroughgoing beauty sessions. Although the cure ritual, especially for rheumatics, takes about three weeks, each cure, naturally, suits the specific needs of the curee. The Regina Isabella and its non-gambling casino, the Sporting, both shimmer with mirrored tiles—shock green in the lobby, apple rose in the drawing room, and, in the bedrooms, flowery designs as delicate as those in Botticelli's "Primavera." By day, the routine includes sprawling around the pool, water-skiing, lunching *all'aperto* (the tart, white island wine, Epomeo, is excellent), café hopping, and shopping in the village, mostly for outrageous straw hats. At night, there is floodlit minigolf, which the Italians love, plus an occasional spin in a surrey-fringed Vespa to Porto d'Ischia to hear Calise sing *canzonette Napoletane* at *'O Rancho Fellone.* (Rates at the Regina Isabella, open April through October: $16 a person a day, with meals. The cure costs about $10 a day, depending on treatments.) Less jammed with internationals and more sedate than Capri, Ischia, in the summer, appeals to a number of attractive people who want a dash of quiet. In the candy-coloured village of Lacco Ameno, the villagers love to fête the Madonna, often sending off fireworks at seven in the morning. At seven in the evening, a procession usually forms, bands play, children parade, torches flare, and the villagers carry the Madonna, jingling with jewels, through the streets.

A PRESENT OF A FLORENTINE SUMMER: For a college girl, six weeks of study, travel, and pleasure can be arranged by Sarah Lawrence College at the Torre di Bellosguardo, a sixteenth-century palace overlooking Florence. Here, from June 21 to July 31, forty girls from American colleges may study Italian and absorb Renaissance art, history, and literature. Although the course is for college credit, austerely academic form is offset by a swimming pool, wine with dinner, and, a few days after arrival, a great ball, at which the girls meet a hundred or more young Florentines. On weekends, there are trips to the Tuscan and Umbrian hill towns to see the stately, silvery frescoes of Piero della Francesca in Arezzo, the tawny towers of San Gimignano, and, in Assisi, the layered Basilica of San Francesco with its touching Giotto frescoes, and the meagre garments worn by St. Francis when he received the stigmata in 1224. Sometimes, small groups branch off to Verona for open-air opera in its Roman arena, or to Siena for the *Palio*, the *quattrocento* parade and horse race, on July 2. The school's director, Dr. Marc Slonim, is not only a member of the Sarah Lawrence faculty, but also editor of the anthology *Modern Italian Short Stories*, and a writer on Russian literature. The cost (not including transatlantic fares) is $500; students may arrive on their own, or join a group sailing on the Italian Line's "Giulio Cesare" on June 9.

A PRESENT OF AN ANTARCTIC CRUISE: Remote, milky-white Antarctica has recently become the focal point of a cruise for adventurous, warm-blooded travellers. The large, well-heated ship "Yapeyu" carries five hundred passengers past the coast of Patagonia, the Strait of Magellan, Tierra del Fuego, and Cape Horn to the Argentine naval bases at Decepción and Melchior, where the extraordinary panoramas look like white-on-white abstract paintings by Malevich. (Since the whole cruise is arranged by the Argentines, American installations at McMurdo Sound are not visited.) As few people understand good living better than the Argentines, the ship's food and service are excellent; there are movies, and dancing to a jazz band as well as to a *tipico* (a small Latin band). Particularly enticing to Americans planning to go to South America, this trip is also very "in" with South Americans and diplo-

(Continued on page 154)

Christmas surprise beginning here with the Beautiful Dress that Cooks →

Opposite: A brand-new invention: The Envelope Dress—woman-saver extraordinary for the hostess who is also chief cook and bottle washer. What it is: a really wrappable amount of bright printed cotton, buttoned at the straps, sealed with a wide pink belt, and just bare enough to make a 400° oven completely bearable. Terrific? Terrific. By Haymaker—reds, pinks, oranges rampant. About $18. Altman's; Rich's; Joseph Magnin. Mary Grey stockings; pink silk sandals by Julianelli, both at Bonwit Teller. Woman-saver #2: a pantry that's as non-kitchen-bound as its owner; is, in fact, a portable island of compactness and efficiency. Of Formica and willow-wood finished hardwood, it measures roughly (smoothly is the word—even the cabinet-interiors have rounded corners) five feet from end to end. These, by Fashionwood cabinets, are made by Curtis Industries; orderable—in various other wood finishes and unit combinations—through Pelray. "Pantry" shown: about $215. Pantry light, here: blue and white Venetian glass, by Venini. $40. At Altamira; through decorators. This room, designed by Tom Yee. Further views, further information, see page 166.

KAREN RADKAI

VOGUE'S FASHIONS *in* LIVING



Christmas from the kitchen out



Cartouche of fruit for the door. Secret ingredient, a wire coat hanger. For details, page 140.

Open for Christmas, here, and filled with plans: Vogue's twelve-page house built in photographs and sketches for this December issue. From it, readers are invited to take—straight or in variation—any ideas they may wish to make their own, from decorating themes to menus; from a cooking apron that looks like a glorious overskirt, to a small holiday dance proposed as a fresh and gala alternate to the big we're-inviting-everybody cocktail party. The menus cover Christmas Eve, Christmas Day, dinner before the dance and supper after, and a New Year's Eve that keeps its resolution for a *small* festivity. As for the decorations: they cover the whole house with a single idea—garlands of greenery; glistening fruit. While we're frankly leery of do-it-yourself programs at holiday time (what's too often done is: one's-self—in), there isn't a piece of décor here that can't be made by a woman who's all thumbs and no time; not one that requires a safari into darkest craftsville for ingredients. Directions, next page.

SURPRISE IN THE KITCHEN—STRINGS ATTACHED

Left: One way—one of the most delectable ways—a woman might look seconds after popping a nifty little casserole-for-eight into the oven: bright pink skirt-size apron in satiny kitchenproof cotton; the streamers wrapped high on the waist of a toe-length black sweater. This look: good to the last guest. Shetland wool sweater, $30, and the ropes of random red beads (these, by De Mario), at Gunther Jaeckel. Apron $24, at Macy's. Harriet Hubbard Ayer Pomegranate lipstick.



Sugar-plum tree, its ornaments edible, supplied by the grocer and confectioner. Details, page 140.

DRAWINGS BY RAY PORTER

CHRISTMAS EVE MENU

Serve-able with little or no household help, and considerate of the tastes of every generation present (three, most likely), a menu to appear an hour or two after the blessing of the crèche, and to co-exist with the tree-trimming. Serving plan: chafing dishes, warmers, tureens. Serving idea: a sort of buffet de gare ***with rotating seating at a long side table.***

Fluffy hot rice
(in a tureen over a warmer)

Creamed halibut or sole
(with hard-boiled eggs, lightly curried)

Macedoine of vegetables, amandine

French bread

Riesling wine

Mixed green salad
(with a tray of cheeses and crackers)

Hot deep-dish apple pie
(with vanilla ice cream sauce)

Coffee



Vogue's pattern for the trimmings—all based on fruit and greenery

Fruit directions: For every decoration on these pages, use at least some fresh fruit—it will last, unwithering, through the holidays if you order *under-ripe* fruit and do not refrigerate it at any point.
Expect to replace grapes in a week's time—before they go, but while they're still edible.
To make any fruit hang-able, follow directions diagrammed above, spearing fruit with green-taped florist's wire (any florist has it). To frost fruits, mist with water from a spray-gun, then sprinkle with granulated sugar. Fruit list to draw on: Grapes, red, green, blue. Green pears, Seckel pears, comice pears. Red, yellow, green apples. Lady apples. Oranges, lemons, limes, kumquats, grapefruit. Bananas—don't forget the red ones. Cranberries. An avocado. Add nuts—shells hand-drilled, gilded with gilt spray; florist's wire hooked through drilling.
Cartouche of fruit, page 139. Stretch a wire coat-hanger into kite shape (the hook at top holds cartouche to door); attach balsam or other greens and fruits with florist's wire. Fasten bow upside down, streamer ends *at top*, stiffened with Scotch tape. For out-of-doors: metal ribbon—nontarnishing.
Sugar-plum tree, page 139. Graft branches to fill in bare spots. String lights on next—fruit and flower bulbs are pretty. Hang heaviest fresh fruit toward interior of tree. Add bright, foil-wrapped chocolate money and candy; gumdrop sunbursts done with toothpicks. Load with candy canes, lollypops, marzipan fruits. Frost with artificial snow from spray cans.
Fruit pyramid, above and on facing page. Choose holder—a china compote or wine cooler. To a flat wooden block of a size to fit inside container, nail wooden pole around which is wrapped, cone-wise, a length of chicken-wire (hardware stores have it; strong scissors cut it). Cover with greens and fruits, using florist's wire to attach in both cases. . . .

CHRISTMAS MENU—THE BIG-FAMILY DINNER

Two things it must be,
to be good: traditional,
and with enough foods familiar
to the younger children—
a group that hasn't
exactly been around on
its Diners' Club card.

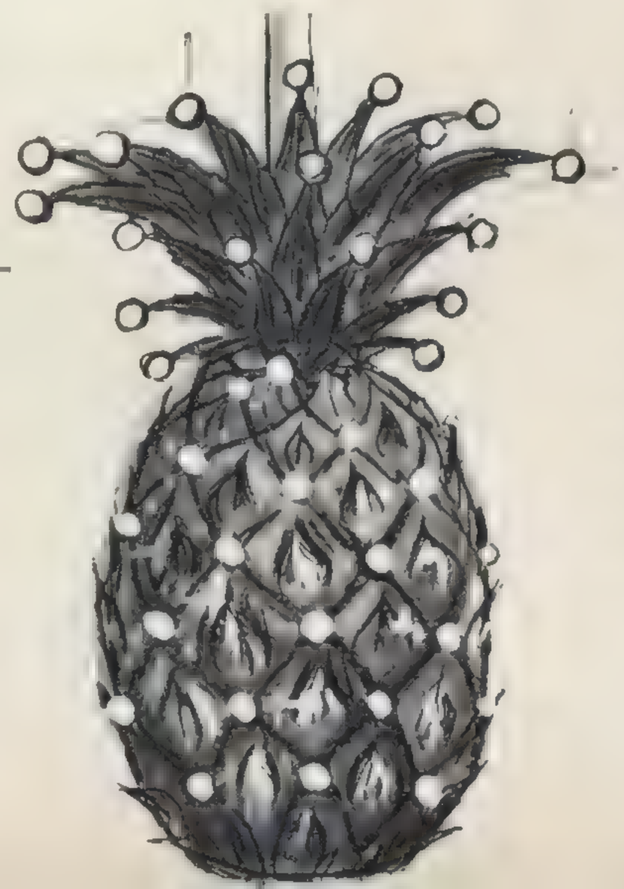
Hot crab meat Mornay
(served in scallop shells)
Roast turkey basted with coffee
(the stuffing, sausage and bread)
Corn soufflé
Buttered Brussels sprouts
(with chestnuts)
Whole cranberries
(mixed with Bar-le-duc jam)
Champagne
Romaine salad with sliced oranges
(with a tray of Hablé cheese and crackers)
Plum pudding
(with foaming brandy sauce)
Ice cream in Christmas moulds
Coffee
(served with Christmas cookies in the drawing room)

CHRISTMAS DINNER MENU FOR THE YOUNG HOUSEHOLD

For the young
husband-and-wife,
sharing Christmas dinner
with a few friends:
a menu that's traditional—
but with a little
contemporary design
added for **brio.**

Oysters rockefeller
Chablis
Roast goose
Red cabbage with apples
(cooked with red wine, brown sugar, seasoning)
Purée of chestnuts
Burgundy
Crescent rolls; currant jelly
Hearts of palm salad
(chopped eggs and minced parsley; a tray of cheese straws)
Champagne
Baba au rhum
(filled with hot nectarines, baked in a ring mould; served hot and flaming; bowl of hot rum sauce)
Coffee

Pineapple plan: gild, spear with pearl-and-pin-held sequins or tiny Christmas balls on pipe-cleaner stems. Slice base to flatten for standing.



HUSBAND AND WIFE DINNER, *right:* Bridging the gap between kitchen and dining room, this appetizing—and rather historic—event: the revival of Claire McCardell's glorified work-smock, which she called "Kitchen Dinner." Present version, right, in yellow, white and mauve striped cotton, with Everglaze crease resistance, $40. Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus. Capezio shoes: Lord & Taylor. Man-around-the-house news: brass-buttoned scarlet blazer in Sag-No-Mor worsted jersey; about $60. Abercrombie & Fitch; Neiman-Marcus. Marble-top table by Avard. Present for a dog that doesn't throw *too* much weight around: a twenty-five-inch basket, with cushion; $17. Hammacher Schlemmer.

KAREN RADKAI









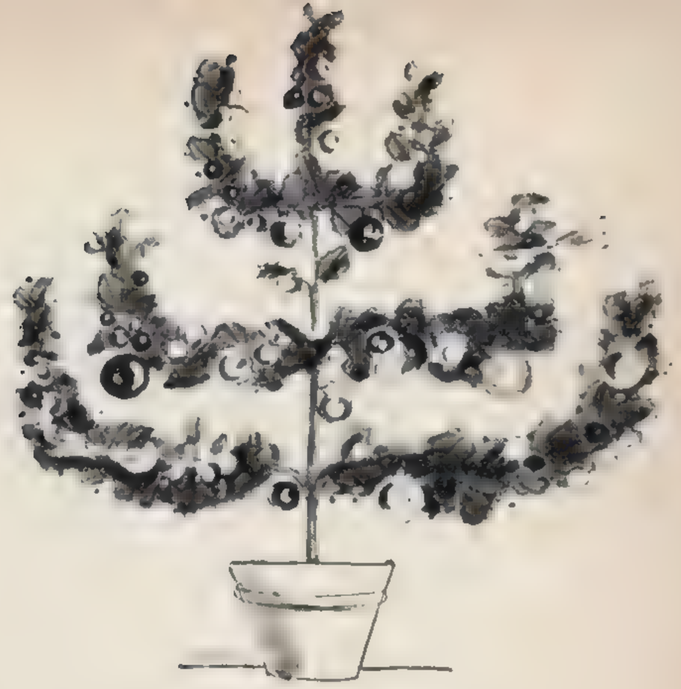
The fruit theme carried out —literally: by candelabrum branches bearing lady apples, grapes, lemons, pears (for directions, page 140).

The pantry diplomats

Good place to be when Christmas dinner's cooking: the pantry.
Good thing to wear there: a pinafore—a pretty, party-ish one.
Far left: White cotton lawn pinafore, edged and banded with lace; holly-berry red cotton dress. By Cinderella; about $9. Altman's; I. Magnin.
Second from left: Mock-pinafore—really a pinafore dress—of Du Pont nylon. White with red scalloping, plump red embroidered dots. By Sunny Lee; $11. Best & Co.; Marshall Field.
Kneeling, with candy cane: Pink and white candy-striped cotton jumper; pink cotton satin blouse with petticoat attached. All, in Fuller fabric with Everglaze crease resistance. By Youngland; $9. Lord & Taylor; Harzfeld's.
Right: Choir-boy pinafore, in crisp white cotton lawn, lace-banded. Christmas-red cotton dress, pleated skirt; in Springmaid cotton. By Joseph Love; $10 (with leotard, not shown). Henri Bendel; Dayton's.
Upper right: Young man in a grey (wool) flannel suit—the classic Eton kind. By Imp Originals, in sizes 3 to 6; about $17. Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin.
All dresses, sizes 3 to 6x. Gerwin shoes.
Other attractions in this pantry:
On the shelf—traditional Swedish candelabrum of wood and wrought iron, in blue and grey; $15. Bonniers.
White china Kilta casserole with rattan stand; $9. Georg Jensen.
Tower of glass cookie jars; $10 for stack of 3, with top. Serendipity.
Teakwood buffet; $295. Georg Jensen.
White vinyl tile floor, by Robbins Floor Products; 100 square feet, $80.

KAREN RADKAI





For a shallow shelf or table, an espalier tree to build from florist's wire, greenery twigs, a flowerpot.

The Christmas-tree crew

The tree-trimming crew in action—their task made even pleasanter by this fact: many of the decorations are edible. (See also page 139.)
The girls wear semi-party dresses, in a pretty garland of colours.
Far left: Deep-pink dress with minutely-pleated waist, banded with ribbon beading.
By Moppets, in Arnel and cotton broadcloth; about $8.
Macy's; Meier & Frank.
Second from left: Pale-blue smock dress, white piqué petal collar.
By Florence Eiseman, in Hope Skillman Supima cotton; $17.
Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus.
Centre: Mauve cotton broadcloth confection, the colour of a mauve *dragée*; black velveteen ribboning.
By Celeste; $13.
Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel.
Kneeling, right: Red-and-white striped cotton chambray dress with hand-done smocking, organdie collar, touches of lace.
By Yolande; $11.
Best & Co.; Hudson's.
Far right: Gold stripes with a tiny floral pattern, on a white cotton dress; narrow gold cotton sash.
By Kate Greenaway, in cotton with Everglaze crease resistance. $9.
Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel.
Upper right: Grey wool flannel Eton suit, by Imp Originals; $17, in sizes 3 to 6. Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin. Girls' dresses, sizes 3 to 6x. Gerwin shoes.
Tree trimmings (non-edible ones) by Vincent Lippe; at Lord & Taylor.



To be hung in a doorway: strings of lady apples and cranberries put on heavy twine via an upholstery needle.

KAREN RADKAI



The drawing-room doorway dressed for the holidays: greenery ropes trimmed with fruit, ribbons, a gilded pineapple peak, all based on a chicken-wire framework.

DINNER MENU, PRE-DANCE

To be served at each of the seated dinners before the dance:

Tomato and mushroom bisque
(made with broth, cream, and sherry)

Roast rolled shoulder of lamb
(basted with butter, white wine, tarragon)

Potatoes Parisienne
(scooped out with a melon cutter; sautéed)

Asparagus Polonaise
(with bread crumbs browned in butter)

Purée of carrots
(with a dash of cloves)

Escarole and beet salad

Champagne throughout

Ginger soufflé with rum
(basic soufflé made with rum and minced ginger; served with a sauce of whipped cream, softened vanilla ice cream, a dash of rum, minced ginger conserves)

Coffee

The small dance—from a new recipe

Whether it's done on a major scale or on a violin string . . . whether it's given in a house designed by Jane Austen or in a new city flat . . . we love this idea: a small, charming holiday dance at home, planned as a replacement for the big, we're-inviting-everybody kind of party.
According to our recipe (borrowed in part, as you'll see, from plans preceding benefit parties), it involves no more than cocktail-party effort—and far more dazzling effect. Naturally, the size of the house limits the size of the dance, but assuming (for the sake of mathematical ease) that fifty is par for the dance-floor, the recipe could work this way: the hostess asks five friends to give separate dinner parties before the dance, with each dinner party consisting of ten people, and with all five hostesses using identical menus, perhaps the master menu above. At about 10:30, everyone comes to the house in which the dance is to be given; there, coat racks have been hired and checkroom system obtains. The orchestra, two or three pieces, red-coated, ideally, and with "Volare" at its finger tips, plays in a drawing-room emptied of furniture. (Easiest emptying method: have a moving van store the furniture overnight in the driveway or around the corner.) Champagne is served throughout the evening, and, later on, in the dining room, little tables might be set up to serve supper to the guests in relays—a cup of clear consommé, scrambled eggs with buttered asparagus tips, ham sandwiches in little finger rolls, and hot coffee. . . .



The drawing-room fireplace, laurel-wreathed: fruit added as directed on page 140.

FOUR GUESTS AT THE PARTY, *at right*—
two of them, stowaways (about whom, more on page 166);
the others, demonstrating all over again
black-and-white's distinguished, wonderful
freshness at night. Dress with a sleeved, silky,
black jersey top, a backline in depth,
an embroidered white organdie skirt. By Ceil Chapman.
At Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus.
Dinner jacket and trousers of a new tropical worsted
imported from Britain for American room-
temperatures the year around. Made by Baker Clothes,
at De Pinna; Neiman-Marcus.
Chandelier—glistening further with
silvery bubbles and polished fresh fruit.

KAREN RADKAI





RAY PORTER

New Year's Eve—visit to a small gala

This is the idea: the year's pleasantest, *smallest* gala, with eight (no more) for a seated, black-tie dinner and for two tables of bridge afterwards. Cocktails before dinner might be vodka Martinis mainly because of what goes with them—caviar in cracked ice, served with the unbeatable usual: thin toasts, chopped onions and eggs, wedges of lemon, a bowl of sour cream. The dinner menu (see below) is purposely a glory; that's a part of what makes this small evening festive (although we'd be delighted to meet the butcher who'd provide filet of beef for less than the going price at the market we play). . . . Toward midnight, other guests might stop in from their evening's travels. Champagne would be served at this point, and, later on, platters of sandwiches might be set on small tables in the drawing room—finger sandwiches of smoked salmon on thin rye bread, for instance, pâté on miniature soft rolls, white meat of chicken on whole wheat bread, Westphalian ham on thin pumpernickel with dill, along with champagne biscuits and cookies on a silver platter.

Holiday trimming sketched at left: a length of grape vine (orderable through florists) to bear an improbable crop—green, red, and blue grapes, both fake and real, and gilded or silvered leaves. This could wind its way around a window, should begin and end with painted flower pots standing at either side. . . .

Sketched here at right: for the dining room, for New Year's Eve, the tallest, slimmest candelabrum; with fresh fruit clustered at the centre. . . .



NEW YEAR'S EVE

Cream Du Barry
(Cream of cauliflower soup made with chicken broth garnished with cauliflower flowerets and diced white meat of chicken)

Roast Filet of Beef
(with a truffled Bordelaise sauce to be passed separately)

Potatoes cooked in cream
(with a dash of nutmeg)

Tiny green peas, glazed onions, and carrots
(arranged around the sliced roast)

Bordeaux wine

Watercress and tomato salad
(French dressing)

Brie cheese and crackers

Raspberry mousse with kirsch

Almond cookies

Coffee and liqueurs
(served in the drawing room)



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STREAM OF CHRISTMASNESS . . .

(*Continued from page 129*)

in several brilliant shades, to wear with evening skirts and shirts. . . . Favourite recipes, rebound in a new cover (this takes an inside scout to ferret out the facts). . . . A menu passport—a pack of conveniently sized cards, one for each country in Europe, including Russia—that lists current restaurants, describes the *spécialités* of each. This, $7.50 plus tax. At Altman's. . . . For party-givers who tend toward the practical: plastic highball glasses with air-space between inner and outer surface—not wet or cold to hold. Find these at Abercrombie & Fitch; $12 for a set of four. . . . Live and in colour, a Burmese or Abyssinian kitten, very elegant looking, that comes complete with pedigree, scratching post, vitamins, from Fabulous Felines (in New York), who guarantee the cats won't tear up furniture. . . . From woman to woman, a refresher course of exercise or massage at a salon. . . . Or a credit at a flower shop, to be used in little portions, or one glorious plunge. . . . A double spectacle case that offers extra parking space for sunglasses, distance glasses. . . . Or, for day, a suavely tailored handbag of dark-brown calfskin. Lord & Taylor; about $30 plus tax. . . . Cans of whole, unsweetened chestnuts to do wonderful things with (mix with Brussels sprouts, for instance). . . . For children: a new game called *Heads, Bodies, and Legs* that provides hilarious cut-and-fold dismemberment and *re*memberment. Also, stage-sets for fairy tales that come in little books, with the stories printed underneath—this, good for young off-Broadwayites on a rainy day. Both, at the British Book Centre. . . . Free time for a young couple, personified by a credit with a baby-sitting agency. In New York: Part-Time Child Care, masterminded by Miss Barbara Macdonald. . . . One fell swoop of a bright mohair stole, warm enough and big enough to wear as a wrap over a suit on reasonable winter days. . . . To a young person—money, delivered clinking in an amusing chamois bag. . . . One of the new TV portables that are all screen, and no depth. . . . A complete repainting of an apartment. . . . Fauchon fancy foods—e.g., anchovy pâté, or mango chutney—now orderable at Lord & Taylor. . . . A stack of French powder puffs, packed tightly in a jack-in-the-box effect. . . . Give-her-the-moon gesture for a beauty: a sculptured bust, done in gold on silver, by Renato Signorini. These, done in miniature and jewelled, start at $4,000. To order at: Tiffany. . . . Little note pads, leather-bound, to keep in purses. . . . Evening courses at the Metropolitan Museum in New York, on varied and fascinating topics. Or a course in painting, an ancestral language. . . . Stereophonic equipment, in whole or in part. A passable hi-fi set can be converted to stereo thus: rewiring of the record changer for a stereo cartridge; the addition of another speaker and amplifier, to achieve the stereophonic effect (slogan for most of this equipment: it takes two to stereo). New stereo equipment can be assembled easily now, might begin with a Garrard record changer for $34, with the cartridge an extra $25 or so. Amplifiers and speakers must be bought in pairs, and matched carefully. A good amplifier can be had for $115; one at this price is the Bogen 212. For more money: the Scott 299 at $200; or the Dynakit 60-watt that requires a Scott 130 stereo preamplifier—one of these combinations totals $370. Last step: speakers, costing anywhere from $50 to $345 each. At $50, the Wharfedale; higher-priced is the Stephens 80 FR at $80; the Lowther Acousta at $225; and—for Carnegie Hall in the living room—the Quad Full Range, for $345 each. Further present possibilities that can be added from this year forward: stereo records, from the wonderful variety now available almost everywhere. More on the stereo plan—the Tandberg Tape Recorder, at $380, that could delight a musically accomplished family for a lifetime.



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It is one of the oldest traditions of watchmaking that timepieces of true excellence should be garbed with splendor and elegance. The new 1959 collection of Longines ladies' watches exemplify this tradition. Exclusive, infinitely varied in style, these superb watches are hand-finished by master jewelers; the diamonds are individually matched for color and brilliancy; the movements are traditionally Longines—the world's standard of quality. ℂ The superiority of Longines watches is the culmination of a century-old partnership between art and science, beauty and utility, excellence and elegance. ℂ There is a Longines watch for every taste, for every personality, for every special need, and the price may be as little as $71.50. And each, by grace of birth, is a Longines, *the world's most honored watch,* the watch of highest prestige among the finest of the world's timepieces. ℂ For a style folder, write Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company, Longines-Wittnauer Building, Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N.Y.

Illustrated below from the 1959 collection of Longines watches —left to right: *"Eldorado C"*—luxurious 14K gold semi-bracelet watch, $125; *"Starlight Radiance"*—exquisite 14K gold watch set with 8 fine diamonds, $225; *"Diamond Coronation L"*—the ultimate in elegant simplicity is this 18K gold watch circled with 34 diamonds, $395; *"Starlight Rhapsody"*—a lovely creation in 14K gold set with 10 choice quality diamonds, $195; *"St. Moritz"*—the case and beautifully-detailed mesh bracelet are 14K gold, $325. *A Christmas shopping hint*—for the important man in your life—there is a Longines watch just right for him.





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Write for free booklet, "Facts About Figures," c/o Ruth Stone, Dept. V, A. Stein & Company, 1143 W. Congress Parkway, Chicago 7, Ill.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



THE GAME OF TALK

(Continued from page 115)

tion hasn't come into its own, except between the newly in love and the long and congenially married. These each know what the other is about to say and can anticipate it with a minimum of words.

"Did you get the . . ."

"Top right-hand corner."

"Are there . . ."

"Filled 'em up yesterday."

But for the rest of the world conversation is useful, although it isn't always easy to see why. In very well-written modern novels, for instance, one is often confused.

"'Thank you,' he said, stroking his nose.

'You can't speak for me,' she hissed, her voice gone dry. 'Not even as little as that.'

'Oh, come, it's not much.'

She looked at him.

'Inevitably.'"

In my nursery days personal remarks were frowned on. So was pointing. Personal remarks, properly handled, are very acceptable things indeed. "You look wonderful in that colour" is certainly a personal remark, and it is like being given a present to have it said to you.

Pointing remains bad manners, except in the open country and to direct a stranger, but it can be easily circumnavigated. My method is to turn my back to the person, or object, I want to point out and then indicate with my elbow while looking in the opposite direction.

Question-and-answer is still the easiest way to begin a conversation, but unless the asker loves you—when, of course, he really wants to know—it is not a good idea to tell the probably long and possibly boring truth when asked how you are.

The weather is useful as a topic to start things but doesn't lead very far unless you can use it to score in the One-up-manship manner.

"Terribly cold, isn't it?"

"Not after Tibet."

I think you should make certain of your opponent in that sort of game. He might just say,

"I didn't notice it when I was there."

Unless you are, in fact, interested in *something* you might as well give up altogether trying to be a conversationalist. Being interested in yourself alone doesn't make much fun for others and watching a complete egoist bring back every topic to himself, like a well-trained retriever with a pheasant, is only amusing for a very little while. Going on the question-and-answer theory, it may be an idea to try asking some questions you would really like to have answered. Children do it without self-consciousness. . . . What is your name? . . . Where do you live? . . . How old are you? . . . How late is the latest you have ever stayed up?

Their object is to Find Out. Without being a Nosy Parker and for different reasons you can have a happy time by putting a few key questions, for when you have a scene set and some sort of background to go on there should be something to get started with. "I play the bass oboe, actually" ought to lead on to something even if it is only amazement.

Like everything else, except cooking, letter writing is not what it was. This is due to time going more quickly and there being less of it; *and* the practical power of the telephone.

Some people play the telephone like an instrument, with style and apparent ease. The ones who do this are probably telephoning lying down, for this is the position from which telephone talk flows most freely. As in being in love, it is difficult to find the perfect rhythm, for either you have time to spare and your telephone partner hasn't, or he is in the mood to talk for twenty minutes and you have just started making the toast. Telephoning demands that you and your vis-à-vis be equally matched. Those who are afraid of the machine sound as haunted as they undoubtedly feel. They are ungifted for the medium. They either hold the instrument a foot away from their mouths and shout, or else they practically eat it . . . and shout. In neither instance are they audible.

It is not "good manners" to trap people by telephone. One of the first rules about issuing invitations on the telephone, or anywhere else, indeed, is *never* begin by saying, "What are you doing on Monday?" This is an unfair way of trapping the unsuspecting into having to accept once they have admitted that they are free as air on Monday.

It is as well to remember when telephoning secrets that there are probably many ears lis-

tening in, and the hearer for whom the secret is intended may not be free to speak at her end of the line. Mothers may be listening, or husbands, or little pitchers.

Experts can tell by the bright and extra-nonchalant tone of voice being used by the person at the other end of the telephone that they are not alone and, therefore. can not talk now. If not sure of your powers of divination, it is a good idea to say quite simply, "Are you free to talk?" before launching into some private topic likely to make answering difficult. The expert answerer can anticipate and clarify the situation by talking as she lifts the receiver,

". . . always add a pinch of . . . Hullo?"

This indicates that she has company and is more subtle than saying, "Flora is here."

Special telephone voices are used by people who are a little in love (early stages) and also by those who fancy they have a need to protect themselves. A bass unidentifiable "hullo," grunted curtly is useful for making the caller identify himself first, but unless you are going to hang up immediately on recognizing some unwelcome voice I do not see the point of such delaying tactics. Pretending to be the maid is an old trick and rarely successful. Pretending to go and fetch yourself is complicated and means dropping the receiver noisily on the table and making footstep noises by slapping your knee in a gradual diminuendo. It is almost impossible to remember to do the return journey—a gradual crescendo—and the chances of this elaborate ruse coming off are very remote. The point of it, I suppose, is to give yourself time to think. I tried it once or twice but found the effort of concentration needed to deceive used up all the time available and nothing was gained except exhaustion.

I like writing letters. Letters not notes or business letters. The Collins or bread-and-butter letter is part of manners.

As children we were taught to say and write our thanks, and very tiresome it was, too, but the habit was formed and it is a happy one. We wrote on paper we had previously ruled with much heavy breathing and curling of the tongue, and we *always* began our letters by hoping you were well. I once spoke on the radio about letters and afterwards had a splendid example sent to me by the father of a small boy at private school. He wrote a postcard and said:

"Please send me
A razor blade
Some alum
A mouse trap
I want to make a fur rug."

I like typewritten letters, particularly when they aren't very well typed. (But only from friends.) This sort of thing has a certain zest about it and warms the heart.

"So gald you can cme on Wesnedsya."

Writing duty letters of any sort is a chore unless it is the breaking of good news, when it becomes a treat. The only letter-writing that is all pleasure is the talking-on-paper sort. This is done between people who know each other so well that they never have to edit or explain. When a writer writes as he sounds, he can be said to be good at letters. The tone of voice should be there. and the look on the face.

There is a sort of whimsicality on paper that gives me unintended pleasure. I once had a printed invitation card sent to me in the form of a list with items to be crossed off when they didn't apply. It began: "Dear . . ." and went on:

We think it a tolerably fine scheme if you and your
HUSBAND
WIFE
CHILD
CHILDREN
Would come to us from . . . to . . . and bring with you:
GOLFKNOCKERS
HOCKEY TACKLE
FISHING GEAR
TENNIS KIT
CROQUET OUTFIT
DANCING TOGS
HUNTING TOGS
RIDING DITTO
SHOOTING GEAR
BATHING WEAR

Everything on my card was crossed off except tennis kit and husband. We went and had a good time.

Comedy invitations strike a note of doom to me, but I do like the little one Stephen Potter remembered from his childhood. It came from the rectory and said:

Games and Tricks
From four to six

I once met a man who told me he could never be bothered to tell anyone anything funny or interesting, because, knowing it already, he couldn't find the energy to pass it on. Such self-containment is rare, and thank heaven for that.

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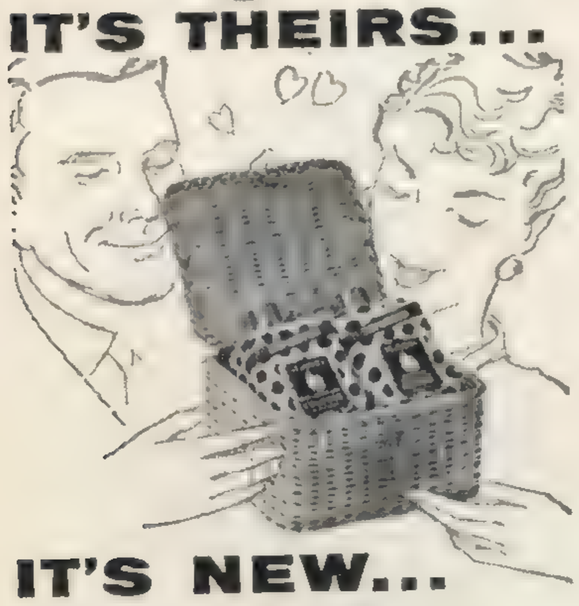
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GOSSIPY MEMO

(Continued from page 136)

mats posted to Buenos Aires. Warm clothes are needed. Good to buy in B.A. are lambskin-lined coats, which come in all colours. Included in the passage package, however, are a jacket, muffler, and hood. The cruise, leaving Buenos Aires January 23, returning February 8, costs 17,300 pesos—with the variable exchange, that is about $290. Write: Asociación Antártica Argentina, Av. de Mayo 749, Dto. 15, Buenos Aires, Argentina.

A PRESENT OF A CARGO LINER TRIP: Although travelling by freighter is chancy unless the ships are of high calibre and the route strung with alluring ports, there *are* some sure freighter bets. Among these are four freshly done-up American President Lines ships, the S.S. Presidents "Adams," "Coolidge," "Hayes," and "Jackson." A little like private yachts, the ships carry up to twelve passengers, provide air-conditioned staterooms with wide windows and tiled baths. (Each room has a short-wave radio.) One dines with the ship's officers. However, dining hours aboard a freighter are depressingly early, but at least there is, near the bar, a refrigerator stocked for midnight rummaging. These trips are best for families or groups of close friends. One can pick up a freighter and just go between two ports, or one can go around the world. Many travellers use them between ports throughout the Pacific, southeast Asia, and the Mediterranean. As cargo commitments determine stops, passengers slip in and out of places untouched by tourism. Sailings leave from Los Angeles, San Francisco, and New York. A pleasant plan might be to sail from New York to California through the Panama Canal, or perhaps to go for about $220 from New York to Cristobal.

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WHAT MAKES OPERA GRAND?

(Continued from page 121)

—a brief but delicious act—and examining it from the viewpoint of what music does to expand mere drama into opera.

The scene is Paris, 1830. We see a tavern, located near one of those tollgates they used to have on the outskirts of the city. It is a grey winter morning—not yet quite dawn. It is snowing; it is very cold. Right away we hear Puccini setting this atmosphere for us in the music, cold, hollow music.

Now there are various ways that cold can be shown on the stage; snow can fall in the shape of Rinso or Lux, the lighting can be grey and unfriendly, and citizens can go about all muffled to the ears, beating themselves to keep warm. But none of these comes anywhere near the coldness you will feel when you hear the orchestra play those cold, empty fifths that Puccini rains like snowflakes over the stage.

But inside the tavern, things are a bit warmer—the night owls are still at it, clinking their glasses and whooping it up in barbershop harmony.

This establishes the atmosphere of the act; and listen to how brilliantly Puccini does it:

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Marvellous, isn't it? Now we've seen the first way music can expand drama into opera; by expanding the very scenery itself. Now the story begins. It involves four main characters, all Latin Quarter Bohemians: Mimi, the delicate little seamstress, and Rodolfo, the starving poet, who has recently become her lover. The other loving couple consists of Marcello, a painter and Rodolfo's best pal, and Musetta, a spicy dish who is living with Marcello. When we last saw these Greenwich Village types, all was well; they were bathed in love and laughter on Christmas Eve. But now, apparently, something has gone wrong, as Mimi tells us. She and Rodolfo have had a little lovers' spat, that's all; he's left her, he's jealous; she doesn't know what to do. I imagine you couldn't care less. But now if you hear the same scene with Puccini's third act music, you will find yourself caring a great deal.

That's perfectly glorious music, but it's not just any old glorious music; it is carefully planned by a theatrical wizard to take the characters and magnify them for us. That's the second way in which music can expand drama. For instance, Mimi. From the first note she sings, the music is telling us how sick she is. Now notice I didn't say the words are telling this: all they're saying is "Excuse me, can you tell me," and so forth. Nothing but a plot line. But the music tells us much more. You hear all those rests between the phrases? That panting struggle for breath?

And, of course, you must have noticed that the whole musical line is constantly falling, giving us an exact sense of her failing strength. Then, in addressing the next person, she makes a new effort, and the music strains upward:

"O buona donna, mi fate
il favore . . ."

But here too, the line drops, as her strength wanes:

"O buona donna, mi fate
il favore
Di cercarmi il pittore
Marcello?"

Such perfect sick music! And what makes it even sicker is that the line drops by half tones—by the smallest possible intervals so that it's almost like one long sigh.

And on top of that, the harmony in the orchestra is a series of descending ninth chords, very sick-sounding indeed.

Do you see how all these little elements together conspire to paint Mimi to us in unmistakable musical colours? And all that was not even a melody; it was only recitative, that unfortunate word that usually means nothing of much musical interest is going on. But since in grand opera, we are committed to *singing* the whole story from start to finish, there has to be some kind of recitative. An opera can't be all arias and tunes, expressing feelings; that would be completely static. The story has to move.

So, in order to tell the story we're stuck with that bugaboo, recitative. That's the element in opera you're always bored by, or infuriated by, or embarrassed by, because you think everyone but you knows what's being said, and you feel inferior.

So much flotsam and jetsam. But when recitative is handled as Puccini does it, making

(Continued on page 158)



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WHAT MAKES OPERA GRAND?

(Continued from page 157)

it work for the character, and giving it such musico-dramatic meaning, then it's never boring; it has its own special kind of beauty.

Now on with the play. Marcello has promised to speak to Rodolfo. He sends Mimi away, so as not to cause a scene; but she hides behind a tree and eavesdrops on the conversation of the two friends.

Now we know the truth: Mimi is fatally ill, and Rodolfo has left her for her own sake. But touching as this situation is, it is nothing compared to the same situation after our wizard has got his hands on it. Listen to how he has taken it and, through music, expanded it in emotional grandeur into a genuinely tragic statement.

The secret of this scene's expanded emotional grandeur lies in a typical Puccini master stroke: the whole first part of the conversation is set to music that is superficial and noncommittal; Rodolfo sings, as though he were out hiking!

"Marcello, Finalmente!
Qui niun ci sente."

It's more like a march or a dance, young, energetic, even sarcastic; the friends talk like two college roommates. But this is the master stroke—because Rodolfo is hiding his true feelings. So that when he finally admits them, everything he says seems twice as emotional by contrast. For instance, take the moment when he is lying about why he has left Mimi. "She's a flirt," he says, "and plays with men." He says it to this tune:

"Mimi, è una civetta."

But a moment later Marcello challenges his sincerity, and Rodolfo breaks down and tells the truth, to the exact same tune, but with only one note changed:

"Invan, invan nascondo."

And what emotion is carried by that one different note! In it is all—the release of truth, the heat of truth bursting from him.

That's what makes opera.

Now we come to one of the great delights of opera—simultaneous singing. Why is it that trios, quartets, and sextets are always the high points of opera? Because they provide a thrill that no other art form can provide: the thrill of being able to hear several emotional statements at once. You could never do it in a play; people just can't speak simultaneously—that is, if they want to be heard. It would be only a jumble—like this next moment in *La Bohème:*

MIMI
"Oh God, oh God. It's all over...."

MARCELLO
(simultaneously)
"What a tragedy. The poor little thing...."

RODOLFO
(simultaneously)
"Mimi is a delicate flower, and she needs attention."

It would be a mess. But music accomplishes the miracle, because notes are born to go together, as words are not. And so this little trio becomes a moment of striking beauty, instead of a jumble; and reality has been expanded by music into a richness of lyricism whereby we can actually perceive three emotions at the same time: Rodolfo's despair, Marcello's mumbling helplessness, and over it all, Mimi's little gasps of anguish. Together, they make a network of emotions that is in itself a new kind of emotional experience.

Do you see what I mean by "network of emotions"? That's something only opera can give you. Now let's see what happens next in our story. A bit of action—no more. But watch and see how music makes it big in still another way. Each little action is spotlighted and strengthened by leitmotifs or musical labels. For instance, when Rodolfo comforts Mimi, trying to make light of what he has said, he does it to the melody of Mimi's first aria in Act I. When she says, "No, the smell in there would stifle me," it is to the theme of her illness. When Musetta is heard laughing, the orchestra gives us the Musetta theme. This technique of leitmotif composing, or tagging every character with a theme, reached its height with Wagner, and its bottom in Hollywood movie scores. But when it is used well, it can do wonders.

RODOLFO
"Che! Mimi. Tu sei qui?
M'udisti? Vaneggiai. Ti rassicura:
facile alla paura
per nulla io m'arrovello.
Vieni là nel tepore."

MIMI
"No, quel tanfo mi soffoca."
(Dal cabaret ridere Musetta)

MARCELLO
"E Musetta che ride.
Con chi ride. Ah la civetta arerai."

You see how sharp the action becomes when it has such

inspired musical labels. But now we come to one of the chief ways in which music expands drama—in sheer physical time. Let's compare the timing of this next scene spoken and sung, on our watches. Here it is spoken:

MIMI

"Goodbye."

RODOLFO

"What? You're going?"

MIMI

"Once I flew happily from my nest at the sound of your love call. Now I'm going back again. Goodbye, with no bitterness. Listen. Put together whatever few things I've left around the room—my little gold locket, my prayer book—just wrap them all in an apron, and I'll send for them tomorrow. And, listen, under the pillow you'll find the little bonnet you bought me last Christmas. If you like, you can keep it as a souvenir of our love. Goodbye, and no bitterness."

Now that took exactly 35 seconds. But emotionally it should take much longer, because the moment is so terribly important to them both. And so Puccini stops time, and gives Mimi an aria to sing. The words are no different, no more numerous, but they are said in a new fourth dimension, so that what was formerly only about a locket and a pink bonnet and so on suddenly acquires a big, new meaning; it is Mimi's renunciation of a great love, of her entire life.

Now that aria took 165 seconds, almost five times as long as when spoken. And what golden seconds they were, because in them time stopped. There were no minutes, no seconds; we were suspended in a moment of great emotion; for us it has been both a moment and an eternity.

And then comes the remainder of the act: the reconciliation duet between the lovers, followed by the quartet of both couples—one couple mooning together, the other fighting like cats.

Well, that's not much of a story; the lovers have decided not to separate after all, at least until spring. So what? But this story with Puccini's music becomes one of the most touching episodes in the history of theatre.

In it you will hear used all the devices we have spoken of: music expanding words, situations, atmosphere, character, emotion. Time is also expanded; leitmotifs are used; and, of course, simultaneous singing. And, in addition to all these, you will hear the most dramatic device of simultaneous contrast, with the two duets pitted against each other, one broadly lyrical, and the other agitated and fussy. This is really the crowning delight of opera: that in the very same moment we can experience conflicting passions, contrasting moods, and separate events. And because only the Gods have ever been able to perceive more than one thing at a time, we are, for this short period, raised to the level of the Gods.

All we have heard adds up to one thing: opera is almost naïve in the way it magnifies and crystallizes emotions. That is the real meaning of the "grand" in grand opera. But music can go even a step further: it can render words almost unnecessary. This is the highest estate that opera can reach, where the music is so communicative that the merest general knowledge of the dramatic action is enough to give you the key to a rich enjoyment of the work.

This is especially true of Wagner, and of his *Tristan and Isolde* in particular. The three acts of this opera are like three great symphonic poems, each one a monument of structure and thrust. They are to be enjoyed as much on the basis of pure musical composition as anything else.

For example, at the very end of the third act we really don't have to understand every word that Isolde sings in order to feel the sublime exaltation of her love. You don't have to know what she is saying:

"Soll ich schlürfen
untertauchen,
Süss in Düften mich
verhauchen?"

Wagner's music is so much greater than his poetry. All we have to know is that Tristan is mortally wounded and waiting for Isolde to arrive before he dies. She does arrive; he does die; and as she stands over his dead body, ecstatic, glorified, and mystically united with him, she sings the famous "Liebestod," or "Love Death"—her transfiguration in death, through inextinguishable love.

And so a new world has been created. Any great work of art is great because it creates a special world of its own. It revives and readapts time and space, and the measure of its success is the extent to which it makes you an inhabitant of that world—the extent to which it invites you in and lets you breathe its strange, special air. In the closing scene of *Tristan*, we enter fully into such a world, and when we come out of it we are enriched and ennobled.



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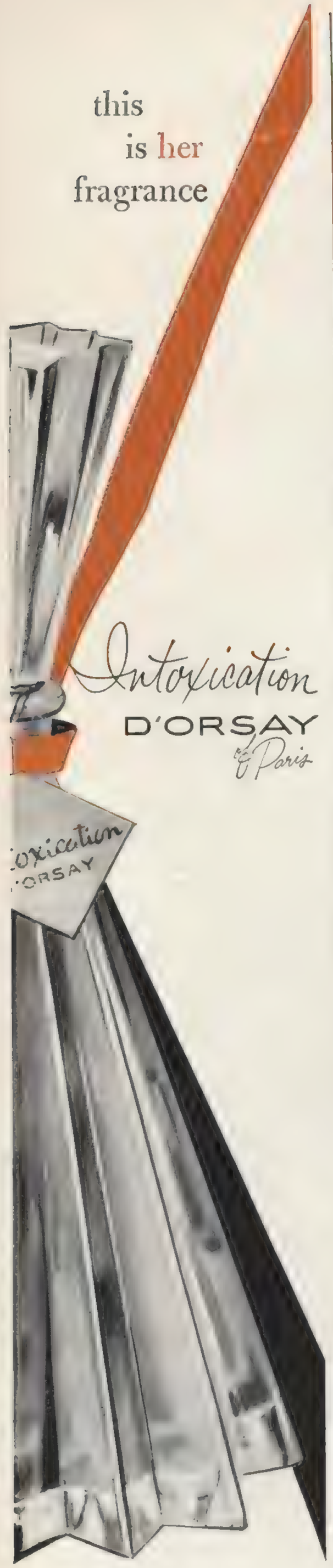
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Mr. McAlligator

A story BY JOYCE WARREN

My family was sensitive about absurd names—our own name was so fanciful that we always left half of it off, out of courtesy to those who might need to pronounce it later, or write it down. Perhaps that is why, in private, we always called him Mr. McAlligator, although his real name was McOstrich. He was the schoolmaster in the isolated village in central England where I grew up, and he was the only person with whom I ever knew my father to have a really serious row. It was one of those rows that go so deep that when the arguing is over, nobody seems to have won, though Mr. McAlligator lost his job, and my father, a Church of England clergyman, kept his.

In many respects my father admired Mr. McAlligator. He came from a Tyneside town, where he had been one of a large, poor family, and he was thin and bent in the way tall men are who have not had enough to eat during childhood. He had a big head, a jutting chin, and wide-set, angry brown eyes, but when he moved, it was apologetically; he had a shuffling, sheepish walk. If Mr. McAlligator had had a first-class brain, or even a second-class one, his life could not have been the misery it was. He was feverishly ambitious, not for money or social advancement, but for learning—he yearned for recognition as a scholar. When he was growing up, there were no free places in the better English schools for indigent boys with drive, purposefulness, and less than average ability.

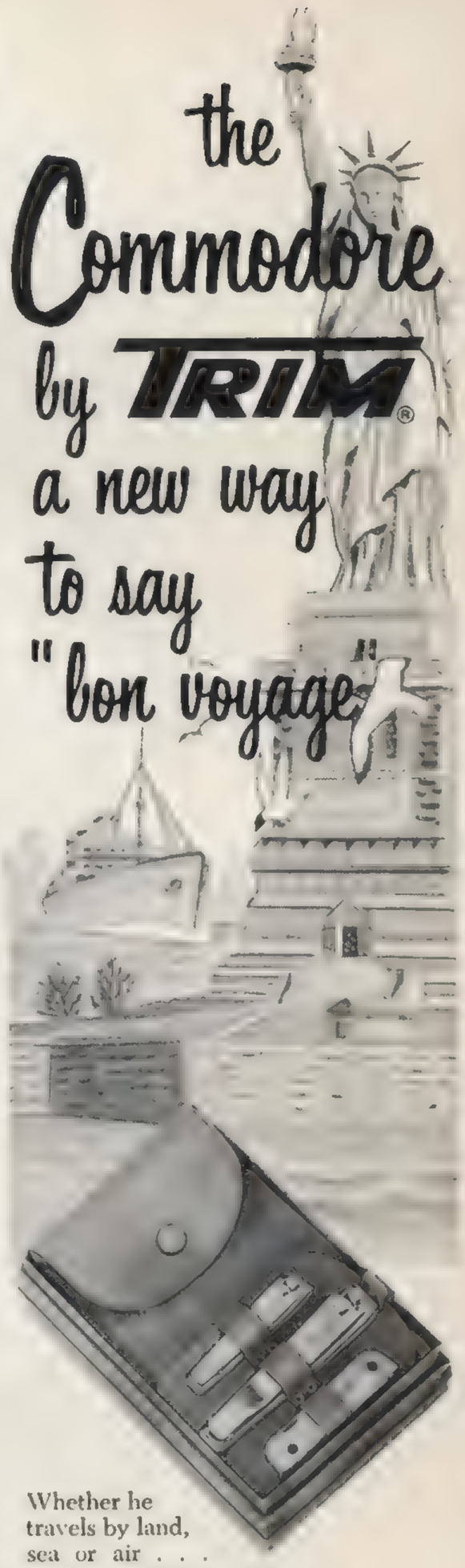
Nevertheless, by correspondence courses, evening classes, and Workers' Education programs, he managed to qualify as a schoolmaster—our country schools were desperately short of teachers. It never occurred to Mr. McAlligator that others might have less fanatical a reverence for learning than he did. His method of teaching was, apparently, to terrify his pupils into remembering their lessons. Unfortunately, few parents in the village wished to revise this system; they thought stern discipline essential for children, and Mr. McAlligator was admired as a man of character.

Mr. McAlligator was avidly devout, and a member of our Church Council. He never missed a meeting, voting automatically against any motion my father proposed. He disapproved (violently, as he did everything else) of everything my father did or stood for. He was shocked by frivolousness, and a clergyman who mixed faith with humour must have seemed to him frivolous to the point of blasphemy. My father believed that Jesus had, among his other attributes, a sense of humour, and he often used a humourous anecdote to make a point in a sermon, though the point itself was entirely serious to him. I think Mr. McAlligator thought of the Church as a raft for Christians to float on, while pagans had to bob about as best they could in surrounding shark-filled waters, whereas my father thought of the Church as a raft for Christians to take breathers on between swims.

Another thing about my father that infuriated Mr. McAlligator was his attitude to political and social affairs in the community. Our village depended for its income on mining coal, and the colliery operated on a shift basis around the clock; at any hour of the day someone in a parishioner's home was likely to be sleeping or having a meal or a bath, and pastoral visits were often inconvenient. Consequently, my father took to doing most of his parish visiting in the bar of *The Goat and Compasses*, the forum for exchanging and debating news in our village. In order to hold his own in the arguments that went on there, he had to know not only the local whippets' forms, but also what any visiting political and trade union speaker had to say. Neither duty was a hardship. The race trials were exciting, and the public meetings were never dull. The village hall would be hung with bunting and slogans—FOOTPRINTS IN THE SANDS OF TIME WERE NOT MADE BY SITTING DOWN, for example—and whatever the cause, the applause (though not necessarily

(Continued on page 161)

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MR. McALLIGATOR

(Continued from page 160)

the vote) went to the speaker best able to keep his temper when heckled. "Daisy!" I once heard a miner shout at a trade-union delegate, "You got enough brass in your face to make a kettle." "And you," Daisy retorted, beaming, "you got enough water on your brain to fill it."

Meetings were held on Saturday nights, and the next morning the organizing committee of the political party or trade union concerned attended church, perhaps on the basis that since my father had supported their effort, they would support his. My father made a point of attending all the meetings of the more radical groups in the neighbourhood, not because he hoped to make converts the next day, but because he felt any contacts based on fair play should be encouraged.

Mr. McAlligator was shocked that an official of the Church should participate in any controversy but a theological one, and tried to dissuade my father from attending the political meetings and the dog races. My father was amused to note the similarity in this one attitude between Mr. McAlligator and Mrs. Harvey-Rice, for probably in no other respect would either of them have admitted a similarity to the other.

Mrs. Harvey-Rice was a rich, autocratic, amusing old lady who was really my father's employer. Most clerical appointments in the Church of England are made by the bishops of dioceses, but some of the older livings are in private gift. This system dates back to the time of Elizabeth I, when the chaplain to a great house might also be the parish priest. Mrs. Harvey-Rice owned two livings, ours and the one in the tiny village that lay at the end of her own drive. She lived in a beautiful house on the other side of the mountains, in some of the loveliest country in England. Our bleak and rain-swept countryside so depressed her that she never came to visit us, and consequently, she never interfered in the affairs of our church. Instead, she invited my parents to visit her a couple of times each year. On these occasions, my father would tell Mrs. Harvey-Rice anything about our neighbourhood that he thought might interest her. Sometimes he mentioned Mr. McAlligator. "There are people like that in every village," Mrs. Harvey-Rice said. In her turn, Mrs. Harvey-Rice would consult my father about her garden and the education of her grandson, and complain about the incompetence of the nervous, elderly clergyman who held her other living and whom she bullied dreadfully. Once she said she wished she could find someone like my father to replace him. "But nobody like me would live so near you," my father pointed out. "I know—that's what's so annoying," she replied.

When I think about Mr. McAlligator now, I wonder whether, if we had always used his rightful name, we might have taken him more seriously, and understood that a man who is violently addicted to anything, even learning, may have other violences as well. One winter afternoon, Mrs. Tunlaw, a miner's wife, called at the rectory with her little girl, whose hands she wanted my father to see. Betty Tunlaw was about my age, and was thought to be the cleverest child in the village. She had gone playing in the snow instead of attending school, and Mr. McAlligator had caned her fiercely, tearing both her hands.

My father went at once to Mr. McAlligator's house. The row that took place there lasted more than two hours, and during it my father learned that this was not the first time Mr. McAlligator had caned a girl. That evening, my father wrote to the chairman of the County Education Board, asking to have Mr. McAlligator removed. It was the first time he had ever taken such a step.

News of the row spread quickly. In no time, the neighbourhood was divided between my father's supporters and those who, while they did not altogether approve of a middle-aged man beating little girls, thought that my father interfered too much in the community's secular affairs.

Strictly speaking, of course, this was true. The village school and its organization was none of my father's business. He did not admit this, however. He blamed himself for not realizing sooner how wild was Mr. McAlligator's envy of cleverness—even the cleverness of a child.

The County Education Board took two weeks to answer my father's letter, and when they did, it was to emphasize Mr. Mc-

(Continued on page 162)



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MR. McALLIGATOR

(Continued from page 161)

Alligator's industrious record, and the difficulty of finding men to teach in so remote an area. My father was told that if he wished to pursue his complaint, he must do so in writing. He would also have to appear, with Mrs. Tunlaw and her daughter, at the Board's next regular meeting.

My father, who thought he already *had* made formal complaint, ascertained from Mrs. Tunlaw that she would be willing to attend the meeting, and then he wrote formally to the Board again.

The month that followed was an anxious one for everybody. Mr. McAlligator resigned from the church and devoted all his spare time to gossiping with his supporters. He brought considerable pressure to bear on the Tunlaws. What he said to them we never learned, but a week before the date of the meeting, Mr. Tunlaw told my father that his wife could not go through with the case. The publicity and the criticism were too much for her.

So my father wrote to the Board a third time, saying that he would not be at their meeting after all. He was very much discouraged, but he sympathized with the Tunlaws. All he had had to face was the increasing loneliness of his position, while they had had to stand up to Mr. McAlligator's hounding, and listen as village opinion swung almost wholly over to his side.

And then a very odd thing happened. The Board, without seeing my father or, so far as we knew, anyone else from our village, appointed Mr. McAlligator to a post in a city school. Mr. McAlligator brought the news to my father himself, setting foot in our house for the first time since their quarrel began. He was in an even more unpleasant mood than usual. He said that he had written to Mrs. Harvey-Rice. "A group of your own clergy has publicly listed you as unacceptable to the priesthood," he shouted. "Did you know that? Your name is in a book—a book published by Cambridge University."

"Oh, nonsense, nonsense," my father said.

"It is not nonsense—" Mr. McAlligator cried.

"I have been in that book for years," my father said. "It was printed privately. Cambridge would never have touched it."

We did not believe Mr. McAlligator's story about writing to Mrs. Harvey-Rice, but he had done so. In a few days, my father received a letter from her—it was full of underlinings, just the way she talked. "How could any man suppose," she wrote, "that by adopting the incredible name *McOstrich* he could disguise the *Mr. McAlligator* you have talked about so often! Fortunately, as I *never* answer anonymous letters, I am *spared* replying to this one. There is, however, one portion that *deeply* disturbs me. McAlligator refers to an ecclesiastical black list, a document *entirely* unknown to me until my grandson, who seems to have learned *nothing* at that school you recommended except *inquisitiveness*—" ("Good!" interpolated my father) "found a copy of it *here in my own library*. The pages were uncut—I can not possibly be expected to read everything that comes into this house—but *your name* is there. I can not emphasize *too* strongly how *upset* I am to find that you have been masquerading for years as a person of *integrity* and *worth!* I do not know *who* these clergy are, but I can see it was my duty *never to* have appointed you. I am an *old* woman, and at my age I *can not* face making changes at a time when *all* my tomato plants need repotting. You will have to *stay*, but please understand I *forbid* you *ever* to mention the matter again."

My father wrote Mrs. Harvey-Rice a soothing letter, as a result of which she must have forgiven him, for he and my mother continued their regular visits to her house. Mr. McAlligator was promoted several times at his city school, though he was never given sole charge of children again. Everybody came to like the woman who replaced him in our village, and gradually even my father returned to popularity. By the time Betty Tunlaw won the first of her scholarships, the quarrel was forgotten by almost everyone.

I didn't forget it. I was fascinated by the notion that my father had once been considered an unacceptable priest, even by a group of eccentric clergy. But whenever I inquired what he had done, my father only looked very solemn and said, "What a pity you didn't ask me before Mrs. Harvey-Rice forbade me ever to mention it again."

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Angkor

By RAYMOND MORTIMER

who writes of the ruined temples of the Khmers of Angkor in Cambodia.

The pleasure we get from ruins is curious, varied, and intense. A long, brilliant book about it has been written by Miss Rose Macaulay. She would go anywhere to see a first-rate ruin; and I, too, am a ruin collector, not to say a ruin snob. I have never reached the Great Wall of China or the temples in Central and South America, but I have had the luck to see Karnak, Persepolis, Palmyra, Baalbek, Leptis, Ellora, and Konarak. Angkor is incomparably more spectacular than any of these. Nowhere else is there such a quantity of ruins in so fantastic a setting.

These include terraces, gateways, towers, bridges, and bathing pools, but the largest monuments are the temples. They symbolize the dwelling-place of the gods, Mount Meru (the Indian equivalent of Olympus); and the kings, who were worshipped as gods already in their lifetime, built them as their own mausoleums. In shape, as in purpose, they resemble the pyramids, but they have towers sprouting from them and courtyards at their summits, and everywhere a luxuriance of carving.

There are some twenty of these temples, and the largest is called Angkor Vat. Indeed, this is the largest place of worship in the world; it is not so high as St. Peter's in Rome, but covers a larger space and contains far more masonry. Enclosed by a moat over 200 yards wide and a wall nearly 5,000 yards long, the temple rises to five towers by way of three terraces, the lowest of which has a frieze of bas-reliefs extending for over 800 yards. The upper staircases are so steep that I had to crawl down them; the more venerable priests must have had themselves carried to and from the crowning sanctuary.

Angkor Vat is stupendous, not only in its size and in the richness of its decoration, but in the grandeur of its composition, which is symmetrical and intricate. This temple, moreover, is wonderfully well-preserved. Yet there are several monuments in the neighbourhood that I found more impressive. A mile or two away there is, for instance, the Bayon, built a century later as the centre of a new city called Angkor Thom. Hitherto, the Khmer kings had been devotees of Hinduism; the older temples, including Angkor Vat, abound in images of Siva and Vishnu. The builder of Angkor Thom was a passionate Buddhist. From a distance, the Bayon looks like some extraordinary rock formation with steep, eroded crags. The stone used at Angkor is a darkish grey, and at first sight seems rather grim, unless it is coloured by the setting sun. As one approaches, it becomes almost phosphorescent; and then one sees that it is coated with lichens, white, silver, verdigris-green, and rose-pink, mingling into a delicate varicoloured mosaic. The crags of the Bayon now turn out to be towers, each carved with four colossal heads of the Buddha—or rather of the Bodhisattva, destined to become a Buddha. There are fifty-four of these towers, and wandering through courtyards dominated by their huge stone-cut lips and brooding eyelids, you feel caught in a De Quincey opium dream, a serene hallucination. This is the most imaginative architecture I have ever encountered.

The king who built the Bayon placed colossal heads also above the huge gateways to his new city of Angkor Thom, and one passes beneath these as one moves to and fro in the surrounding forest. How violent a forest! The Angkor monuments are scattered on its floor like hulks of ships sunk beneath the ocean. When discovered by the French, they could hardly be seen they were so densely overgrown, so ferociously torn

(Continued on page 164)



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ANGKOR

(Continued from page 163)

apart. It was a Herculean task to clear away the trees and then to fit the stones back into their original places. Some of the gateways and two of the largest temples have been only partly disengaged, and these carry picturesqueness to an unparalleled intensity.

The trees belong for the most part, I think, to the fig family, and their pale bark is delicately figured so that it suggests the drawing of Paul Klee. To support their enormous height—150 or 200 feet—they throw out buttresses shaped like sails. They have seeded themselves on the roofs and towers of the temples and gateways, embracing them voraciously, erotically, splaying out into the shape of waterfalls down the walls or thrusting huge python roots between the stones and then horizontally for thirty yards or more. The heavy leafage allows only a mottling of sunlight to penetrate; one is lost in dusky, sweating labyrinths of masonry hardly distinguishable from the enveloping tree trunks. Creeping through courtyards and sanctuaries that have thus been overwhelmed, I discovered for the first time the full fierceness and gluttony of the vegetable realm. At any moment, it seemed, the forest might stretch out one of these massive tentacles, and I should be crushed, swallowed, digested. The great butterflies fluttering around my head were furry and almost black; the steamy air was loud with the hootings as of owls, but of far greater volume: gibbons. And through the leaves I could just see these swinging their long-armed way across the roof of the forest, using each bough they touched as a trapeze.

No, I must throw in my hand; Angkor is far beyond my power to describe. Even superb photographs can evoke only one limited aspect of this vast and various phantasmagoria. Comparatively few people have been there. One should remain for at least a week (Mr. Somerset Maugham stayed, he told me, for a happy fortnight), but I was able to manage only four nights and had to work hard at my sight-seeing. Cambodia is extremely hot; and my visit was in May, when it is even hotter than usual. I used to get up at 6:30, soon after dawn, dash out to the ruins, retreat to the hotel for the noonday blaze, and then make another sortie as the sun became less fierce.

The airstrip and the hotel are at Siem Reap, a little town agreeably laid out by French colonists before Cambodia became an independent kingdom. The hotel is quite large and solidly built in stone; it looks as if it had been transported from some skiing resort in the Pyrenees. It has even a lift, and the cooking is excellently French. But never before have I seen so many insects. The bottom of my bath was black with them; and when one was dining, they fell in showers into the food, looking like animated caraway seeds in the white rice. They had no taste, neither did they bite. The beds have mosquito nets, and altogether the hotel does its best, in a very remote place, to make you comfortable. The sight-seeing is thoughtfully arranged. A small bus, with a guide and a boy in charge of iced drinks, takes you twice a day to the ruins, which begin some five miles away from the hotel.

Little can be said about the builders of Angkor. Known as the Khmers, they were the ancestors of the modern Cambodians and racially akin both to the Chinese and to some Pacific islanders. Their religion and their art, however, were profoundly influenced by India. Hindu traders came there at least two thousand years ago, and the civilization that developed in the sixth century derived from India, rather as Britain's did from Rome, though Cambodia, unlike Britain, was not conquered and colonized. The modern Cambodians are a gentle, charming people with a gift for dancing; the Khmers were formidable warriors, and the buildings at Angkor were piled up by slaves, most of them prisoners of war. The country around was scientifically irrigated and provided food for the multitudes busy adorning the capital with these mountains of stone.

The Khmers had been evolving their characteristic architecture and sculpture in other parts of the kingdom since the sixth century A.D., but the Angkor monuments belong to the years 950-1220—roughly the same peri-

(Continued on page 165)

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What has become of keepsakes?

BY MINNIE HITE MOODY

To appreciate this, you must be at least forty. Therefore, if you were born before 1918 and are female, let this study begin with your being dressed in your best clothes and taken to call, usually on an elderly aunt or revered family friend. The type on whom, heaven knew and you knew even better, You Must Make a Good Impression.

Perhaps, over the years, the details have been lost. They come to mind when an ancient trunk in the attic or a moth-tenanted bureau drawer delivers them forth from your Early Ages. The tiny leather-bound book, musty now, time's tarnish blotting out the gold letters of its title. The hand-painted cup and saucer. The pearl-topped pen which, because it was a very special keepsake, you were never allowed to dip into an ink bottle.

The keepsake tradition was simple. A keepsake was an object, ornament, or outright gift (usually of a nonfunctional nature) given to be cherished and preserved for the sake of the giver. Along toward the end of the call, when the teacups had been set down and you had politely refused the last piece of cake (though you fairly frothed at the mouth), the aunt or revered family friend might be expected to say, "Come with me, dear, I have something to show you."

Then you found yourself at her heels, moving cautiously into another, probably dim-lit and shuttered, room where, while you stood at nervous attention before a bookcase, desk, or cabinet, the big moment arrived. Your hostess lingeringly fingered her treasures, remarking over your head to your mother, "This belonged to Great-grandmother Puckett," or "This was handed down from the Cameron side of the family." There would be exchanges which ran, "Do you think she is old enough to appreciate *this?*" with your mother encouraging, "Oh, I'm sure she would cherish it always," or protesting, "That's too precious, Aunt Phoebe, I wouldn't trust her with that!"

Your own prayerful selection, the shepherdess with the blue bow on her crook, never was lifted from the back of the cupboard. Perhaps the gift was a milk-glass pickle dish to be put away "till she marries," or a fine-print edition of *Colonial Moods and Reflections.* Depending on your nature, you still have it, or

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ANGKOR

(Continued from page 164)

od as Romanesque architecture in Europe. There has been controversy about the order of their construction, but it now seems that the exquisite little temple of Banteai Srei, which has the finest carving, was built in 967; Angkor Vat, a hundred and fifty years later; and the new city of Angkor Thom, at the end of the twelfth century. (The best historical account is in M. Bernard Groslier's *Angkor*, published in England by Thames and Hudson; the most evocative description is in Sir Osbert Sitwell's *Escape With Me*, also published in England.) In the thirteenth century the Khmer kingdom fell into a slow decline; Siamese invaders ruined the country, and in the fifteenth century Angkor was abandoned. Nobody in Europe knew even that such a city had existed until less than a hundred years ago, when a French officer named Mouhaut was staggered to come upon the colossal ruins.



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Party-peekers—

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Here, being *re*-put to bed, the two spies hiding out behind the tree, on page 147. Both, unscoldably enchanting in angel nightdresses of white cotton batiste, with long sleeves, little yoke bodices decorated with fagoting and embroidery. Both by Scampers, in Berkshire-Hathaway fabric. Sizes 3 to 14. $5 each, at Lord & Taylor.

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Out-of-the-kitchen news

(Continued from page 136)

Dividing the free-standing "pantry" from the dining area, a curtain of white plastic beads strung on heavy nylon cord; to order in any length. Backing this, another curtain: filmy white Dacron in a ninon weave; at Jofa*. In the dining area: a round-topped teakwood table on white enamelled legs. This, the bead curtain, and the black saddle-leather chair, from Laverne*. Black-and-white checkered wool Mauretania rug, to order at Luten-Clarey-Stern*. Magnified teakwood salad bowl, teakwood fork and spoon: Bonniers. The multicolored stained glass window is by Venini, at Altamira*. From the same source: the Venetian stained glass bottles on the table. On the pantry's Formica counter: a pewter-lined brass chafing dish from Hong Kong. At Vibul Phanich.

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SECOND QUIZ

Based on the December, 1958, issue of Vogue

(Please limit size of entries to 8½ by 11 inches)

FASHION (Answer *both* questions)

1. Do the women who live where you do have a look in fashion that is distinctive to your part of the country? Tell us in about 250 words.

2. What do you expect fashion to do for you? (About 250 words)

FEATURE (Answer *both* questions)

1. Suppose you were given the assignment of selecting a new kind of diet to launch in Vogue. Analyze the popular types from recent years and suggest an approach and presentation that would be different.

2. Write three or four questions you would include if you were conducting The Prix de Paris. Explain why in about 250 words.

The answers to this quiz are due January 12, 1959, and should be mailed to:

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(Back views, sizes, yardages of Patterns shown on pages 126-127)



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Whose necklace?

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WHAT HAS BECOME OF KEEPSAKES?

(Continued from page 165)

you have no idea what ever became of it.

I was that dream of old ladies (and of old gentlemen, too, for that matter), a Keepsake Girl. Here, it is enough to admit modestly that I caught on at a tender age, parting old men from their Spanish doubloon pocket pieces, one-shot pistols, arrowhead collections, and Uncle Ezra from the stuffed eagle he had shot down on his tenth birthday in 1850. The old ladies came through with more feminine items, subtly selected for Minnie's appreciation "when she gets over being such a tomboy." One of the more obvious hints was Great-grandmother's sidesaddle.

No doubt keepsakes were doomed with the advent of smaller rooms, smaller houses, the high cost of migrating, and the disappearance of gentle hands which for love or money would dust and care for any accumulation of knickknacks. Today homes must be functional; they must wear the uncluttered look. Keepsakes added to clutter—alas, they mostly were clutter! And sentiment went out of style in the World War I era.

Being a sucker for keepsakes myself, I suffer sometimes when, at Christmas or birthdays, a friend or relative sends me a gift which was given to her on an earlier Christmas or birthday, bearing the inscription: *With Love to Janet from Mother*, or *Happy Birthday to Nancy from Uncle Andrew*. Not that I care two hoots that the offering wasn't selected brand-new and store-fresh with me fondly in mind, but I can't help feeling sorry for Janet's mother and Nancy's Uncle Andrew. They belong to an older generation, so I know that they purchase and present any gift for a loved one with the keepsake idea uppermost in their kindly and gentle hearts.

I can hear Janet's mother saying, "This pearl evening bag now—Janet will carry it the rest of her life, and each time, even after I'm dead and gone, she will think of me." The same with the compact given to Nancy by Uncle Andrew. Now, me, raised on keepsakes, and having a tender heart in the bargain. . . .You guessed it, I shall forever carry the evening bag for Janet's mother's sweet sake; ditto the compact selected for Nancy by her (not my) Uncle Andrew. That seems silly, but it is part of the strange and inviolable keepsake code. Once you have it, you're stuck with it. Otherwise, you regard any useless, undesired item as a white elephant or sell it, throw it away or get it off on dear Minnie, the method tacitly recommended by Janet and Nancy. Yet I do think, perhaps quaintly, that if you pass a gift on, it is wise (since months or years may have gone by) to make a quick search for outdated gift cards, even if the box appears counter-fresh with the tissue paper unrumpled.

The catch is, of course, to be found in the Webster definition of keepsake: "Anything kept, or given to be kept, for the sake of the giver; a token of friendship." I find myself wondering whether we are surer of our friends' love these days, or so chronically unsure that we have ceased to care? Asking around, I find the answers to that question typical of the present-day, realistic manner of thought. A daughter of mine says, "If somebody loves me, I know it without any token or symbol." A neighbour asserts, "If I like a thing, I keep it. If I don't like it, I won't give it the houseroom."

This story winds up with a moral, which you can think of when briefing a new generation on how to accept some gift it considers all but insulting. This is straight off the shoulder from a Keepsake Girl who early learned to murmur delightedly, "Oh, that's exactly what I wanted most!" when presented with a hair-flower under glass or a white-kid-bound copy of *Religious Emblems and Allegories*.

Quite a few years ago I wrote a novel about the early history of my father's family. Soon freight and express men began arriving with gifts from aging kinsmen and women, for "the only one of the younger generation who shows proper respect for the past."

My loot? A ten-foot mahogany wardrobe, a four-poster bed, two Sheraton sofas, and nine plantation desks. Along with my stuffed eagle (which is moulting) and Great-grandmother's sidesaddle (its stirrups won't admit my size eight foot), I have quite a collection.

Naturally, since I believe in keepsakes, I won't part with any of it.

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